

WAR CRY

THE
SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year. No. 5.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 4, 1899.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Comptroller.

Price, 5 Cents.

THE CRY OF A THIRSTY SOUL.

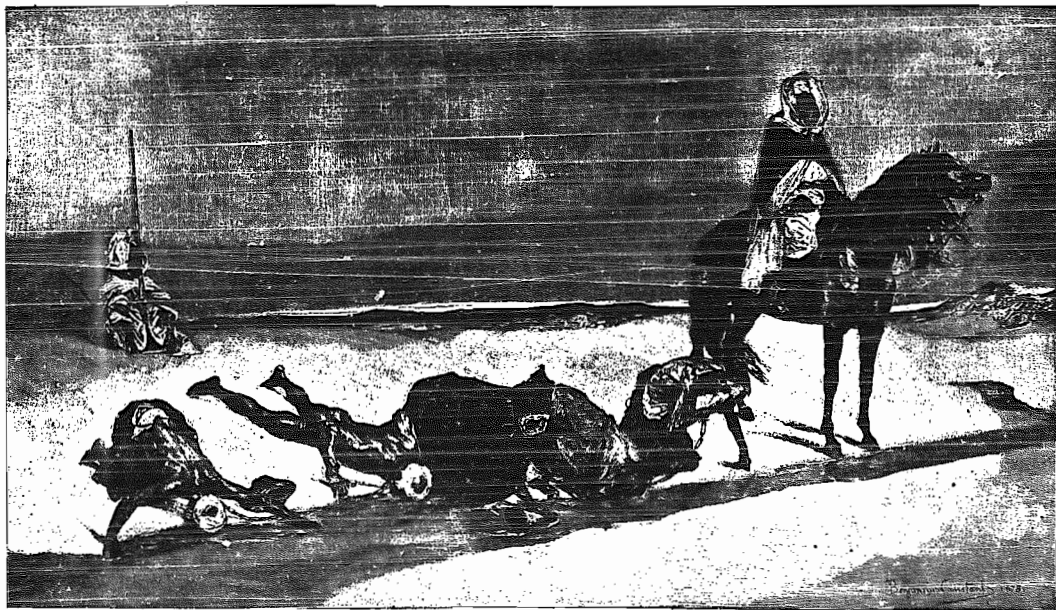
As the hart panted after the water brooks
So panteth my soul after Thee, O God.
My heart thirsteth for God, for the living God :
When shall I come and appear before God ?
My tears have been my meat day and night.
While they continually say unto me,
Where is thy God ?
When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me :

For I had gone with the multitude,
I went with them to the house of God,
With the voice of joy and praise,
With a multitude that kept holiday.
Why art thou cast down, O my soul ?
And why art thou disquieted within me ?
Hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise Him
For the help of His countenance.
O my God, my soul is cast down within me :
Therefore will I remember Thee from the land of Jordan,

And from the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.
Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy waterspout :
All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me.
Yet the Lord will command His loving-kindness in the daytime,
And in the night His song shall be with me,
And my prayer unto the God of my life.
I will say unto God, my Rock, Why hast Thou forgotten me ?

Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy ?
As with a sword in my bones, my enemy reproaches me :
While they say daily unto me, Where is thy God ?
Why art thou cast down, O my soul ?
And why art thou disquieted within me ?
Hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise Him,
Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

—Ps. 62.



THIRST.

THIRST!

What an intensity of suffering may be included in this word can possibly be realized by but few of our readers. The agonies of thirst are extreme. Man and beast can endure hunger for a considerable length of time. Men have compulsorily and voluntarily abstained from eating for as long as forty and fifty days, without much inconvenience or suffering ; but they had an allowance of water. Horses are sold, under favorable conditions, to be able to live eighteen

days without food, but only five without water. We hear of the pangs of hunger, but they are but mild aches compared with the excruciating pains of thirst, of which those who have suffered it have spoken in words of horror.

"I thirst," Jesus cried when hanging on Calvary's Cross. Every fibre cried out "I thirst;" the lacerated skin, broken and bruised from the cruel scourging, aching brain, crowded with the thoughts of liberation of the whole human race from sin's slavery, cried "I thirst;" the whole structure of the body, flesh

and bones, dried up by fever, cried, "I thirst!" Who can understand the agony of the Son of Man, when He uttered that cry ?

Our picture shows us a chain-gang of Morocco prisoners in transport across the African desert. All day they have traversed the hot sands, and now the sight of water makes them forget for a moment the misery of captivity. With a hoarse shout they fling themselves upon the ground, and lap the cooling draught.

The thirst of the body has a counterpart in the thirst of the soul. Our spiritual existence depends on satisfying this spiritual thirst. This is vaguely understood and sought after. The soul

cries out after God as the body cries for water. Unless that thirst is satisfied, there follows sorrow and torture to the soul. The spirit cries for God, and man offers a stone for bread, by seeking the waters of life in the river of Death ; namely, in worldly pleasures and pursuits, in fame, or wealth, or crime. The soul is chained to sin, and transported across the desert of transgression to an eternal doom, unless it cries out to Him Who is the Eternal Spring of all life, and Who cannot only break the fetters of sin, but satisfy the soul's thirst.

"Blessed are they which hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

New Zealand—As Still Remembered.

At this distance of time, Commissioner Pollard is still in a position to say that "as a Colony, New Zealand is, in my opinion, the brightest spot on God's earth. Its personal associations perhaps, bias my judgment of it. I have, and always will have, consistent with the high obligations I am under to my vow as a soldier of the Salvation Army, a partiality for its plains, its hills, its bush, its scenery, and its people. The New Zealander is generous to a fault. His early days of hardship and toil have made him a teacher on the dignity of labor. In no part of the world is the working-man more respected and honored. In no part of the world has the representative of law and authority taken the voter more completely into their confidence and co-operation. Government, while absolutely democratic—in fact, socialistic in form—is more paternal in New Zealand than any country I know of. A citizen is truly a partner in the business of the State.

"Then, what shall I say of this Colony in relation to the Army? I have

Sermonettes.

Extravagance.

Extravagance, waste of money on the decoration of the body, arises solely from vanity of the most contemptible sort. It arises from the notion that all the people in the street will be looking at you as soon as you walk out, and that they will, in greater or less degree, think the better of you on account of your fine dress. Never was notion more false. All the sensible people that happen to see you will think nothing at all about you; those who are filled with the same vain notion as you are will perceive your attempt to impose on them, and will despise you accordingly. — William Colbett.

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Selfishness.

Selfishness is poverty; it is the most utter destitution of a human being. It can bring nothing to his relief; it adds soreness to his sorrows; it sharpens his pains; it aggravates all the losses he is

strength, purity, and reverence made up their ideal man. Their great aim was to make England God-fearing and righteous. All that is strongest and best in our nation's life has come from them. And now, in the midst of our fierce idolatries, our worship of wealth, and our mad delicious pursuit after pleasure, it is the Puritan blood that saves us from utter corruption, and our daily prayer may well be "Would God we had more of the spirit and strength of those men with us again." — J. G. Greenhough, M.A.

Show Your Comradeship.

If you have a friend worth loving,

Love him. Yes, and let him know That you love him, ere life's evening Tinge your brow with sunset glow. Why should good words ne'er be said Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,

Sung by any child of song, Praise it. Do not let the singer Wait deserved praises long. Why should one who thrills your heart Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you, By its humble, pleading tone, Join it. Do not let the seker Bow before his God alone. Why should not your brother share The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tear falling From a brother's weeping eyes, Share them. And by kindly sharing, Own your kinship with the skies. Why should anyone be glad When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silver laugh goes rippling Through the sunshine of his face, Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying— For both grief and joy a place. There is health and goodness in the mirth In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy By a friendly, helping hand, Say so. Spoken out brave and truly, Ere the darkness veils the land, Should a brother workman dear Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness, All enriching as you go— Leave them. Trust the harvest Giver: He will make each seed to grow. So until its happy end, Your life shall never lack a friend.

CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS

FROM THE

Women's Social and League of Mercy

To the Field Commissioner, Miss Booth, at the 17th Anniversary of the S. A. in Canada.

Our Beloved Leader:

With heartfelt gratitude we, the Officers and workers of the Women's Social and League of Mercy, salute you on this important occasion. We are grateful to God for the opportunity of carrying the glad evangel of life and peace to the distressed and hopeless.

We desire to express our appreciation of the privilege of serving under your able leadership. Your example of courage and devotion has often been a stimulus to us in hours of perplexity. We rejoice in the measure of success with which God has graciously blessed us.

The hungry have been fed, the helpless little ones, robbed of childhood's sweetest joys, have been loved and sheltered, unfortunate sorrowing womanhood has been rescued, the pain of suffering humanity has been alleviated, the gloom of the prison cell has been lightened, and upon the horizon of hundreds of despairing, shadowed lives, a star of hope has risen.

Realizing that the highest hopes for the worst lie in the loving contact with the best, we have dedicated ourselves afresh to the service of the Cross, that the victories of the future may far transcend those of the past.

Signed on behalf of the Women's Social Staff, Officers, and League of Mercy Workers.

BLANCHE READ,

Women's Social Secretary.

OUR opportunities have never been greater.

There has never been a more pressing need for whole-hearted service.

You cannot excuse yourself by saying you cannot be an Officer in the Army.

Neither will it do for you to say that you could not be a Salvationist.

If either is impossible, you can at any rate join in making our Self-Denial Week a success.

You admit that the Army is the most successful evangelical organization.

You know that we reach the very lowest.

You should help us with your best effort.

The dates are November 19th to 26th, inclusive.

Idle men do not need the devil to tempt them—they tempt themselves.

Depend upon it, your best doing will be your best felicity. Idleness is not employment, but there is a permanent work and an enduring satisfaction in honest work.

Australasia Revisited

OR, THE UPS AND DOWNS OF COMMISSIONER POLLARD.

(N. B.—The advantage of this serial story is that each chapter can be read as a whole, by new as well as old readers, without referring to what has gone before.—Ed.)

CHAPTER XIV.

FAREWELL.

And so the Army grew and prospered in New Zealand till, at the end of nine months, Major Pollard was in a position to startle mankind with "the Army's first Congress!"

And what a Congress! Ten corps were represented. Thirty officers—the number sounded far more powerful than news of the Australian Squadron being outside Port Chalmers would have done—entered the fair city of Dunedin to take part in it.

Bands! Bands! Bands!

Several brass bands, with their players all aglow with enthusiasm and uniform—if not quite uniform in style, still uniform in attractiveness—were stationed at the entrance of the Congress, and they marched, or shouted as they shouted, One band actually travelled 230 miles to figure in the event, which Major Pollard was quite justified in describing as of historic importance.

For was not the first Congress that Mrs. Pollard—happily and beautifully married to the Major on the 24th of October, 1883, at Invercargill—attended? Was it not here that the two valiant co-workers in the pioneering of the Colony met in order to take stock of what was done, and deliberate on the future? We refer to our hero and that angelic invader of the north—Staff-Capt. Wright. Was it not at this Congress, too, that the first batch of promotions, and the announcement of exciting events, were given forth, with such solemnity as would do justice to a declaration of war? Ah! it was a great Congress. Officers, strangers to each other, met under one flag, already renowned in earth and hell, and pledged themselves to unwavering fidelity to its principles, and then drank from the glorious stream of a life-giving and healing salvation, in the spirit of brotherhood, and faith for the war. The family bond was strengthened. The war-note of the Army—Blood and Fire—resounded in every ear to Heaven and in every song of thanksgiving. It was an Army-making council.

Marching Orders.

By means of the Congress Major Pollard was better able to estimate his possibilities. He saw what he could accomplish within the limits of reason, and he did it. He was for ever on the move. He visited the (now Colonel) Barker, and the leader of the Army in Australia, Marshal Bollington Booth, as he was then designated.

This visit terminated with a momentous event—namely, marching orders for New South Wales. But, just as he had been prepared for his appointment to the Colony, so Major Pollard was equally ready to follow the command of his superior officer. He had the proud satisfaction of handing over to his successor a well-drilled, devoted, and loyal Army, comprising thirty-five corps, ninety officers, several thousands of soldiers, a War Cry with a circulation of 20,000 per week, and friends in every nook and corner of the islands, wherever a group of colonists had settled.

His farewell was one of those events in his life which the Commissioner Pollard never forgot. He said, "In every way, a credit to the Army," but, we must add, "a fresh seal of the Divine favor upon an unbroken consecration to the purpose of his life, and a mark of the deep, imperishable affection towards him personally," which, in itself, is a reward well worth living for. The name of George Pollard is inseparable from the history of the Army in New Zealand—no, of that of the Colony itself.

not the figures at my fingers' ends; but, if I'm not mistaken, our position to-day places the colony at the top in the proportion of soldiers to the number of population, and in its offering for the salvation of the world. These are facts which, as a Dunedin Scotchman would say, "are mae hard to swallow by anyone that disna like to own them."

And yet New Zealand is shrouded with a memory of sorrow. Mrs. Pollard, for five months, endured a serious illness here, and nestling under a willow in one of its quiet cemeteries lies the precious dust of a little human flower—given but to bloom for a short time.

A "Doubled" Command.

In New South Wales, the daring, intrepid, almost reckless spirit of Major Pollard carried him forward, and during his command of it he doubled every branch of the war—corps, officers, and soldiers. Like Major Pollard gave powerful evidence of those rare gifts of organization which have since become so conspicuous in his general work, and he was proclaimed the right man in the right place when the General appointed him, under Commissioner Howard, to be Chief Secretary of Australia.

(To be continued.)

liable to endure, and when goaded to extremes, often turns a destroyer and strikes its last blows on himself. It gives us nothing to rest in or fly to in trouble; it turns our affections to ourselves, self on self, as the sap of a tree descending out of season from its heavenward branches, and making not only its life useless, but its growth downward.—Herman Hooker.

—/—

Puritanism.

Puritanism was a noble morality as well as a mighty faith; these men were under the government of God, they believed they had been created, regenerated, and endowed to do His will and serve His ends. Life with them had a serious, solemn, grand meaning; they were not morose, gloomy, melancholy men; they were just the reverse; but they were men with a purpose and a high ideal; they scorned the worship of wealth, and the intoxicating pursuit of pleasure; they held in contempt the aimless and frivolous life; man was not made to be the slave of his appetites, but master of them; not made for himself, but to serve God and God's world. Their thoughts had always a lofty turn, they preferred duty to delight, self-repression to self-indulgence. Sobriety,

WOMAN'S WORK.

Lessons from the Life of Catherine Booth.

By REV. W. R. ROACH.

It is the mission of woman to be the companion of man. To this end and for this purpose she was created. In the happy family God said, "It is not good that man should be alone. I will make him a help meet for him." It was not good in Paradise—it is not good now—it is not good in the future for man to be alone. It is not good for man mentally, nor morally, nor spiritually to be alone; and I pity the man who goes through life without the sympathy, the friendship, and the companionship of a noble-minded, Christian woman. A man is not really what he should be until he is united in marriage to some good woman, who will be to him a counsellor, and a helpmeet, and the best of all companions, and an inspiration to him all the days of his life. And as it is not good for man to be alone, neither is it good for woman to be alone—each is necessary to the completeness, the perfection, the well-being, and the happiness of the other. Man without woman, and woman without man, the life of each, to a certain extent, would be a blank, and a partial if not a total failure. Let us go back in thought to the origin of woman. Her origin seems to dignify both her husband and herself. She was formed of organized matter, organized and vitalized matter, and not of mere dust or clay. Here was her distinction. Who can describe, or who can conceive the thoughts or emotions of this holy pair at their first interview? Our great English bard has attempted it in his immortal verse, where he says it:

"I believe her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned
With what all earth or heaven could bestow,
To make her amiable; on she came,
Led by her Heavenly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by His voice.
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye.

In every gesture dignity and love,
I, overjoyed, could not forbear aloud.
Thou hast fulfilled
Thy words, Greator, bounteous and benign.

Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
Of all Thy gifts, nor envious. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself.

Before me; woman is her name; and
of man extracted; for this cause he
shall forgo
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
And they shall be one flesh, one heart,
one soul."

Painters and sculptors have joined with poets to represent to the senses, and the imagination the first woman in all her untainted loveliness. If, then, woman's mission in Paradise was to be the companion of man, her mission has not been changed by the fall. Woman's life-work to a very great extent is to throw all the forces of her mind, and heart, and soul into all moral, social, and spiritual measures for the betterment of the world, and the uplifting of the human family to God and heaven. The regeneration and conversion of the world so far as it relates to human instrumentality is largely in the hands of Christian women, and to-day they are addressing thousands of Sabbath-Schools, Christian Endeavor Societies, Gospel Temperance, Social Purity and general church and missionary work, with a faith, a zeal, a love, a devotion, and a consistency the like of which no period of the history of the world has yet seen; and the great ambition of Catherine Booth—like her father—was to be a Christian-like life, was to labor to the utmost extent of her physical, intellectual and spiritual force in helping to save the world. Her consecrated life was one of love, and zeal, and faith, and works, and the work that she accomplished was the legitimate result of the abundant fortifying of a heart surcharged with the love of Christ, the ever restraining and all-inspiring power of the love of Christ that carried her forward in her ceaseless labors to the end of her eventful life. She could say:

"The love of Christ doth me constrain,
To seek the wandering souls of men;

With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave."

In a former lecture on this woman of God, we said she was born great, achieved greatness, had greatness thrust upon her, increased in greatness, retained her greatness, died great, and that her greatness would be perpetuated down to the end of time and all through eternity.

Our thoughts now must cluster around some of the many lessons that the story of her great life suggests.

HER LOVE FOR THE POOR.

THE FIRST LESSON that the careful study of the life and ministry of this eminent woman of God is designed to teach us is: That the poor, the down-trodden, the out-cast, and the perishing should have a warm place in our hearts. The poor in every country and

by the churches generally, he had compassion on them, and he turned aside from the illustrious literary and academic career that he might preach to the working classes, and out of his own small income he contributed freely, liberally, and cheerfully to the poor—to those who were poorer than himself. Lord Shaftesbury was a great saint, because he loved the poor. Can you ever forget the significance of that letter which he wrote not long before his death to Miss Cobb, and which was published after his demise? She wanted to know what it was that led him to that career of devoted service to the costermongers and to the poor little boys who climbed the chimneys at that time, and to the outcasts, the orphans, and the neglected and perishing. Why should he, the representative of an ancient historic peerage, turn aside to spend all his time in blessed philanthropy? In a very remarkable letter he said that when he was at one of our public schools, when about ten years of age, he was shocked and terrified to discover that nearly all the aristocratic and wealthy boys with whom he associated, disliked and hated the poor, and spoke most offensively about them. This awoke in his heart an intense compassion for the poor, and a strong fervent desire to know them and to help them. That attitude towards the poor is the watershed of Christianity. You may call your-



CATHARINE BOOTH.

in every age of the world have been too much despised, neglected and forsaken by the rich, by rulers, by priests, by clergymen, by churches, and by many who profess to be Christians; but this is not Christianity, it is not the teaching of Moses, nor the prophets, nor the Apostles, nor is it the teaching of the Mother of the Salvation Army, nor is it the teaching of the best and most Christian men and women of to-day. In the person of Catherine Booth the poor had a true friend. She was a friend of the poor and succor of those who most needed sympathy and help. In this sense she was in the direct line of apostolic succession. To the poor she preached the Gospel, and the Salvation Army to-day, and its officers, are following closely in her footsteps. The special mission of the Salvation Army is to be to the poor. Christ preached to the poor. Matt. xi. 28. The multitude, the crowd, the masses of the poor always filled the heart of Jesus Christ with compassion and His eyes with tears. He often wept over the poor, and there is no surer test of Christ-like Christianity than this. When you see a crowd of poor people, what is the effect that that crowd produces upon you? Francis of Assisi was a great saint, because when he saw the crowd he had compassion on them. John Wesley was a great saint, because when he saw the poor people neglected by the rich and by the established church, and

self what you like, but if you dislike the poor, or dread the poor, or hate the poor, and feel a sentiment of repulsion to the poor, you are not a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, and Lord Shaftesbury never would have done the work which he was called of God to do, unless he had shared the compassion of Christ for the poor.

(To be continued.)

"Why Stand Ye all the Day Idle?"

Idleness buries a man alive.

Laziness and dirt never quarrel.

A loafer's wife usually has no loaf.

The idler is the devil's easiest tool.

Some sinners confound idleness with full salvation.

A lazy man is always going to do great things—after awhile.

To-morrow is the day on which idle men work and fools reform.

Some of the most active business genuses are the most lazy Christians.

How Must Salvation Soldiers Act During War?

Salvation soldiers must, in no place or at any time, encourage, by thought, word, or deed, the spirit of war. The sword of the Spirit is Love and Truth: the sword of Man is nearly always that of Hatred and Revenge. It has seldom been raised in a right spirit or in support of a just cause.

Salvation soldiers must continually guard against taking sides with either party, and must on no account glory in the defeat of one or the victory of the other. We live and fight for the good of all men. British, Boers, and Kafirs are all our brothers.

Salvation soldiers must practice the habit of self-restraint while hearing of or reading about, bloodshed and battles. These tend to destroy the spirit of pity and compassion for the innocent sufferers, and encourage an unhealthy love for sensation.

Salvation soldiers must pray, in season and out of season, that war, if it should be unfortunately commenced, may come to a speedy end.

Salvation soldiers must pray that the horrors of war may not be aggravated on either side by wanton and unnecessary cruelty or outrage, and that those who are entrusted with the care of the wounded and the dying may be moved by love for their souls, as well as concern for the relief of bodily pain.

Salvation soldiers must pray daily to God that their comrades who are compelled to take the sword, may be examples of love, righteousness, and faithfulness to God and their duty, and that they may lead many to seek the salvation of Jesus Christ, and thus be ready for death and judgment.

Salvation soldiers must also remember in their petitions before the Throne of Grace those who may be appointed by the General to any special service in the interests of the bodies and souls of the two armies.

Salvation soldiers should, according to their ability help in the equipment of these officers, and contribute to the fund of providing help for the refugees in the towns and succor to the wives, friends, and children of the killed and wounded.

Salvation soldiers should strenuously avoid much talking about or reading reports concerning: the engagements of the forces, remembering that the majority of newspapers are solely concerned about outwitting each other and in making money out of the horrible butcheries of war.

Salvation soldiers must pray that not only the evil good may come—but there may be created in the hearts of all men a holy revulsion against war, and that all disputes in upholding principles of Right and Justice may be settled without resort to the bloody and barbaric methods of fighting.

Shrinking from Duty.

There are some who shrink from under taking the work which the Master gives them to do. They are not worthy; they have no skill nor power for the delicate duty; let us to all their little shrinking and withdrawing the Master's gentle yet urgent word is, "Do your best." They have only to kneel in lowly reverence, and pray, for the beloved Master's sake, for skill and strength for the task assigned, and they will be inspired and helped to do it well. The power of Christ will rest upon them, and the love of Christ will be in their heart; and all work done upon the blessed inspiration of the Holy Spirit will be acceptable unto God. We have truly to lay the living sacrifice upon the altar, then God will send the fire.

We need to get this matter of consecration down out of cloud-land into the region of actual, common daily living. We sing about it, and pray for it, and talk of it in our religious meetings, 'till we are in glowing mood, as if it were time to all their struggles, temptations and sorrows, and that fails not in obedience, fidelity or submission, but follows Christ with love and joy wherever He leads. No other consecration pleases God.

OUR History Class

L—THE ANCIENT GREEKS

CHAPTER XVI.

In April of 334, B. C., Alexander crossed the Hellespont and stored his own vessel, being also the first to leap on shore in Asia Minor. The Persian General wanted to starve out the Greeks by burning and destroying everything before them, but the Governor of the Province would not consent to that. A battle was fought on the banks of the River Granicus, which resulted in a great victory for the Greeks. No Persian army was left in Asia Minor, for those soldiers who had not been killed fled in terror and dispersed entirely.

Alexander did not allow his troops to plunder the country, and appointed a Greek Governor. Ephesus and Sardis surrendered without a blow. At Gordium Alexander was shown in the Temple by the Priests a peculiarly-knotted wither, and was told that the man who could undo the knot should be ruler of Asia. Alexander quickly drew his sword and cut the knot asunder. So the Gordian knot was in ancient times a proverb with the same meaning as the egg of Columbus.

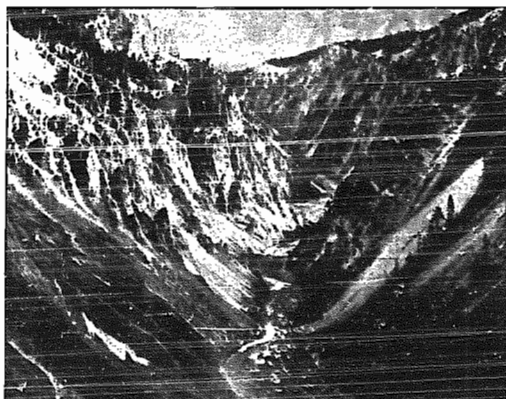
In the spring he dashed through the Taurus Mountains to take Tarsus and cut off the Persians from Syria. Being overworked one day he bathed in an ice-cold mountain stream, and nearly died in consequence. Philip, the physician, offered a draught to cure him, at the same time a letter arrived warning Alexander that Philip had been bribed to poison him. He calmly took the cup and drank while he held out the letter with the other hand to the physician.

Darius, in the meantime, was advancing with a huge army and with oriental pomp and splendor. A silver altar with the sacred fire, and the priests and paraphernalia in abundance went before the army. The King's mother, his wife and her children, and 60 inferior wives accompanied the march. The Royal baggage was carried by 600 mules and 300 camels.

With some skill Darius passed behind Alexander, who had advanced into Lyria without guarding the passes behind him. The Greeks received tidings in time to turn and attack the Persians near Issus, gaining an immense victory. When Darius saw his situation giving way he fled in terror on horseback, leaving everything behind. Alexander found Darius' mother in the Royal tent and treated her with every courtesy.

Next he turned to Syria and Phoenicia and besieged Tyre, which was built on an island, a little way from the shore. Having been unsuccessful in the attempt to build a causeway from shore, he turned to Sidon, conquered it and took his ships to besiege Tyre, which surrendered after five months of toil and danger. He then marched on Gaza, the Philistine city, which was bravely defended, but was stormed and the city and its inhabitants were cruelly slaughtered. Alexander at once marched up the steep road to Jerusalem, where he expected another long siege. At his approach, however, a procession came out of its gates to meet him: all the priests and levites in white, bordered with blue, headed by Jaddua, the High Priest, in his sacred robes and sacred mitre bearing the inscription, "Holiness unto the Lord." So he had been commanded by God in a vision. When Alexander beheld the sight, he threw himself from his horse and adored the mitre, saying that before he had left home he had seen just such a form as he now beheld, which bade him not to fear, for he should be led into the East and be the Lord of all Persia. Then the High Priest took Alexander to the outer court of the Temple and showed him the prophecies of Daniel and Zechariah, where his own conquest was foretold.

(To be continued.)



GRAND CANYON, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.
Near Livingston, Montana.

Revelstoke, B.C.

BY A SISTER.

Revelstoke, the mining center of West Kootenai, is a picturesque little town, prettily situated on the banks of the Columbia River.

The high, snow-capped mountains that completely surround the town, are magnificent, and one could not fail to be impressed with the beauty and splendour of the sunsets and mountains that Revelstoke is noted for. Nature has dealt with a lavish hand here, and one would exclaim whilst gazing at the beautiful scenery:

"What is man, that Thou art mindful of him, O God?"

The Canadian Pacific Railway runs through the town, and has three trains daily; this makes the town very lively.

Revelstoke was incorporated about a year ago, and has a good Mayor in Mr. McCarty, and the council consists of men of ability.

Revelstoke has a population of about two thousand inhabitants, and is divided into two parts—Upper and Lower Town—with a Post Office in each part. It is being rapidly connected by buildings, as soon Revelstoke will be just one town.

There are some mines up the "Big Bend Trail," which are being developed and promise to turn out successfully.

Although the town has not any sidewalks yet, it owns its water-works and electric light plants. There are a goodly number of large business firms in town.

Revelstoke has the usual number of churches, and of course, the S. A., with Ensign and Mrs. Cummins in charge.

Just a year ago the S. A. struck this town and aroused a deal of curiosity. Many were attracted by the sound of the drum to the barracks, which is in the worst part of the town, and many "hard cases," which had been considered as hopeless, found a loving Father ready to pardon their sins, and are now Blood-and-Fire soldiers.

There are in the small city seven saloons and three large breweries. Wickedness and evil have to be fought against, but the soldiers are in for victory, and will surely win.

Too much cannot be said for the noble officers who have been stationed here from time to time, and their untiring efforts and patience in marching the streets and proclaiming the love of Jesus to those in the drags of sin. Truly, by their works ye shall know them, for they are living testimonies to the saving power of Jesus Christ.

Before closing I must mention that the War Cry sells well and the customers all like it.

The attendance to meetings is not as large as we should like, owing partly to the men out on the hills doing assessment work on mines, and also to the disagreeable weather, but the S. A. here is marching on to victory and patiently running the race. Sinners shall yet find a Saviour through the Army's efforts in Revelstoke.

You haven't?

No, I haven't seen anything from Mrs. Staff-Capt. Stanton in the War Cry.

Well, then, get the Special Self-Denial War Cry, which will contain one of her thoughtful articles.

CIRCUMSPICION.

We have heard much of circumspection (seeing all around you)—of the need of Christians walking circumspectly—which is very necessary, but we should also be very circumspectious (being seen from all around you). There should be only one side of our character presentable to public view, for that means we have much to conceal. If our hearts are washed white, our lives have been regenerated, then our whole being is transparent and there is nothing to hide.—E.

CIVILIZATION IS A SLOW PROCESS.



"In the early days of man they settled disputes by cracking each other on the head, and nations at the present day do not seem to have advanced very far from that primitive mode of argument, except that their weapons are ten thousand times more deadly!"—Social Gazette.

Our Field Officers.

Captain Bowering's Story.

I was born at Bay Roberts, Nfld., Nov. 15th, 1856; saved March 20th, 1884; joined the Army April 15th, 1887; went as Cadet to St. Johns with Captain Knowles, Feb. 16th, 1888, where we had the joy of seeing many seek salvation. Nine months there, and then to Beavertown as Lieutenant with Captain Hoar. It was quite a change, yet we put in a blessed time, quite a few sought and found salvation, both at corps and outpost. Our barracks was a very poor old house with partitions taken out, ceilings very low, no store all winter, and both rain and snow came in; often there stood a pool of water where the pavement was, yet we had a packed building all the time. Frequently when going to the Sunday meetings we would see something like steam coming up through the chimney. This was just the breath of the people. You would think sometimes it was a fire in the old fireplace. Next came Fortunate, my first corps as Captain in charge, where for the twelve and a-half months' stay we built a barracks and saw over 50 souls saved; quite a few of these were enrolled as soldiers. Then followed Twillingate for three months, and on to Buria, where we had a splendid time with Cadet Day. We had the joy of seeing 200 souls at the Mercy Seat; our Soldiers' Roll went from 10 to 77, and a number of recruits were ready for enrolment when we left. To Labrador next. Lieut. (now Capt.) Bradbury and I got shipwrecked, but saw a few souls saved. Then came Greenspond. Next I sent a lay of the victory here? It was the first I have ever had—60 souls saved, the corps changed from a hard go to one of the best, and is now a District Centre. Labrador again in "Glad Tidings." Then Twillingate, seven months of victory, 80 souls for salvation, the Soldiers' Roll from 51 to 77. Then came an important event when on the 4th of July, 1893, I was married to Capt. Bishop, who had seen hundreds of souls saved. Near Brigadier. Read now in Glory! performed the ceremony. The day previous to our marriage we got orders for Canada. After a month's special meetings and councils we took charge of Amherst. It would take too much space to tell of the good times at Westville, Newcastle, Ottawa, Renfrew, Pembroke, Campbellford and Tweed, of kindness of friends, of souls saved. We had next four months' at home, of funniness, which we enjoyed very much, only home had I been made sad by the death of my mother just before we got home. Our rest was followed by being appointed to Sydney, followed by Glace Bay. It was while there Mrs. Bowering met with the death of her father, who died happy in Jesus. After a stay of five and a-half months at the latter place we said good-bye to those good-hearted miners and arrived once again before the Lord's at Dunsmuir, N. S. We had quite a few souls saved.

We have spent between us 21 years in the work—Mrs. Bowering ten years and myself eleven years. We have together seen about 2,000 souls saved. We love the war and are well saved.—Yours to fight, Jas. Bowering, Capt.

Whereabouts of Financial Specialists.

- ADJT. WISEMAN.**
Dovercourt, Thursday, Nov. 2.
Riverside, Monday, Nov. 6.
- ENSIGN GTTAWAY.**
Winipeg, Thursday, Nov. 2, to Wednesday, Nov. 8.
- ENSIGN BURROWS.**
Orillia, Thursday, Nov. 2.
Coldwater, Friday, Nov. 3.
Midland, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Nov. 4, 5, 6.
- PARRY SOUND.** Tuesday, Nov. 7.
Abnau Harbor, Wednesday, Nov. 8.
- ENSIGN PARKER.**
Odessa, Thursday, Nov. 2.
Kingston, Friday, Nov. 3.
Sunbury, Sat. and Sun., Nov. 4, 5.
Kingston, Monday, Nov. 6.
Sarnia, Tuesday, Nov. 7.
Strookville, Wednesday, Nov. 8.
- ENSIGN ANDREWS.**
St. John's, Thursday, Nov. 2.
St. John's, Friday, Nov. 3.
Carleton, Sat. and Sun., Nov. 4, 5.
Sussex, Monday, Nov. 6.
Hillsboro, Tues. and Wed., 7, 8.

"WHY IS HE STILL ALIVE?"

Answered
in the
Special

SELF-DENIAL WAR CRY.

The Captain's Badge.

By J. EDGAR.

"I'm only a poor, insignificant, little nickel badge, but my mistress, the Captain, is very much attached to me. We have been companions ever since she entered the ranks of the Army."

"I had always been able to do my duty until we embarked on the steamer for the Bermudas, then, somehow or other, I got deranged, and my usefulness seemed to be at an end. I could not manage to keep my little Captain's collar fastened; perhaps it was the rolling and tossing about that we experienced on the sea that made me unable to work. However, my dear little mistress had not much use for my services then, as she was feeling so dreadfully ill and upset herself. I was sorry for her. In fact, I forgot my own ailments, in true salvation fashion, when I beheld her suffering. All things come to an end except eternity—so did our voyage."

"It was a glorious morning when our ship dropped anchor in the beautiful harbor of Hamilton. My little Captain went on deck feeling much better, and was delighted to see the happy faces of our comrades who stood on the quay ready to welcome us to sunny Bermuda. How beautiful everything looked, so nice and clean. My little Captain said, 'What a lovely place; how the people here should bless and love the good God for lending them such a beautiful home.' She wondered if they ever did reflect on the loving, thoughtful ways of the Creator for the comfort of the creature. I did not see anything of the city as we marched off to the Barracks, as, owing to my crippled condition, I was consigned to the landing, but I could hear the sound of the dear old drum, and the sweet strains of the musical instruments of the band. A pair of scissors that was in the bag with me remarked, 'That's a good band, ain't it, Sal?' I thought so too, considering the short time it has been organized."

"The day after we arrived, my mistress took me to a jeweler in Hamilton to see what could be done for my complaint. I felt very nervous and timid when I saw so many beautiful, gay and shiny ornaments in gold and silver, and thought there would be no room for poor little nickel me in such a grand establishment. I fancy my little Captain was a bit nervous herself when she addressed the jeweler, but his genial manner and pleasant smile put us at ease; my spirits rising when I heard him say, 'There's nothing much the matter with your brooch, madam; you shall have it tomorrow forenoon.'"

"The Captain thanked him and departed, leaving me in his hand. He looked at me and said to himself, 'Strapped out of one piece, not a bad job, either,' after which he put me into an envelope and took me into the repairing department, where there was a jolly man working away and singing one of our Army songs. I can still hear him at home, but my thoughts were cut short by my being unceremoniously tossed out of the envelope on to the work bench. 'Here's a little job for you,' said my helper by way of an introduction. 'A Salvation Army badge. Repair the catch and clean it up a bit.'"

"Bin," responded our jolly friend, this being a peculiar way he has of answering one. 'I'll put it up in good shape,' he continued; 'these people are doing a lot of good in Bermuda, notwithstanding what some folks say about their money-grabbing. Look at— and several others that I could name

The Field Commissioner,

MISS BOOTH,

Will visit the Eastern Province, and conduct Meetings at the following places:

HALIFAX Sunday, November 5th.

ST. JOHN, N.B. ... Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, November

7th, 8th and 9th.

TUESDAY—United Soldiers' Council.

WEDNESDAY—Officers' Council.

THURSDAY—Public Gathering. Subject, "Love's Sunset."

FREDERICTON Friday, November 10th.

WOODSTOCK, N.B. Sunday, November 12th.

who have quit drinking and become respectable members of society."

"You that's so," observed my first acquaintance, "And as far as the money question goes, those whom you have named spent more in one day in the grog shops than they give the Army in a week."

"I would sooner give a penny for the War Cry than any other penny paper that comes into the shop. In fact, it is worth sixpence to their penny." This remark about the Cry was caused by the boy arriving with the daily weekly newspaper—we have a weekly paper every day here—but yet we have no daily."

"There was a hat-pin on the bench near me; also a claret jug, that was just sobering up after a grand dinner at the camp. The jug laughed and said, 'That's all Tommy-rot, a fellow must have his wine, don't yer know.'"

"Utter nonsense," observed the hat-pin, "that's the way all you rum-soaked idiots talk. I tell you I knew something about the drink curse; and who is it that cannot look back in his own family without seeing the dark shadow of the demon lurking in some obscure corner?"

"My young lady told a clergyman who was visiting at her house, and who said that the Army made a religion of temperance, that it was a great pity that the ministers of every denomination did not both preach and practice it too; its a good religion, and will let the daylight in."

"I noticed that the jug had fallen asleep, and suppose the hat-pin's remarks passed through its handle unnoticed. I asked the hat-pin if it had been in Bermuda very long, and if it had gone about much? 'I've been here about five years,' it continued. 'I came out in the service, on the tonic of a Son of Mars, but my owner lost me one night when he got sophisticated with old Jamaica rum and ginger. A little boy found me in the gutter the next day and gave me to my present owner, who was delighted to get a Tommy Atkins hat-pin. Yes, I go about a lot, and as I am elevated I manage to observe a great many things. I tell you, it grieves me to see so many drink hells in this beautiful little city, but as my lady belongs to the W.C.T.U. I am safe from disgrace again.'"

"Our conversation came to an end by my jolly friend taking me up, I must say in a very rough manner, and commenced to hammer me and scrape my side with a file, after throwing a lot of white powder in my face, actually washed it with alcohol! Think of it! A gentleman came into the room remarking, 'A great smell of rum in here; it must be that old jug there.' No," replied my tormentor, 'I was just cleaning up this badge for a Salvation lassie, with a little alcohol and chalk; that is one of the few things for which that liquid is good.'"

Her Pillow a Stone.

Father, Mother, and Eight Children, Pillibly

Destitute, Sleeping Under the Stars

—Salvation Army Officers Pro-

vided Shelter for the Night.

(Spokane Spokesman-Review.)

Twelve years ago Jonathan Boggs and his black-haired, black-eyed wife migrated to Tauey County, Mo., and homesteaded a small piece of land. They struggled along, eking out a half-starved living. Children were born and rapidly the squatter's family enlarged until there were eight children, the eldest 22 and "the baby" two years old. Then Jonathan Boggs and his wife talked it all over, and like many had done before them when life in the Missouri hotbed pined out, decided to sell and come West.

Jonathan Boggs' worldly goods consisted in total of a two-roomed, one-story shack and a lot of worn-out land. These possessions he sold for \$100 in cash and two horses and part of a prairie wagon. The missing portion of the schooner he supplied with his own ingenuity, and the father and mother and eight children started for the Golden West. They made the drive to Kansas City in 15 days, and there sold the team and bought mean passage by railway to Spokane, thinking ready to find work. The railroad fare paid, Jonathan Boggs had just a few dollars left. This went for "grub" on the trip across the plains.

Her Pillow a Stone.

Saturday evening the forlorn travellers arrived in Spokane. They spent the night in the Union Station, and Sunday morning betook themselves, wanderingly, to the bottom lands about the mouth of Hangman Creek. A box, containing a tent and cooking utensils, which they had put aboard at Kansas City, was missing when Spokane was reached, so a bonfire served to warm them, and, when night fell, the starlit sky was their roof.

In this sad plight they were discovered about 8 o'clock last night by a citizen. He at once sought the police by telephone and notified Capt. Cooverly of his find. The Captain sent a mounted officer to the mouth of Hangman Creek to investigate, and if the story was correct to bring the wayfarers to headquarters that they might be cared for. The officer found the family lying on the bare ground around a feeble camp fire. The wife, whose bright eyes are still undimmed by trouble and whose jet hair shows no streak of grey, was outstretched on the sand, her head resting on a

stone which she had covered with a bit of ragged cloth. In her arms she had "the baby," sound asleep.

Tear-stained faces—the faces of the little ones, who were hungry and cold, and could not understand—greeted the officer on all sides. "Come with me," he said, kindly, "I'll get you a place to sleep and a meal." They came gladly; all but the four eldest sons. They preferred to spend the night on the ground. The little ones Officer Roff crowded onto the padded back of his horse and himself walked three miles to the headquarters, Jonathan Boggs and his tired wife trailing along behind.

Sheltered for the Night.

After they reached the station and Jonathan Boggs had told his short, quiet story, Sergeant Sullivan sent for the Salvation Army officers to see what could be done. Adjt. Alward and Ensign Moss came in answer. The Mother and four little ones were helped into the patrol wagon, together with the Ensign, and driven to the Rescue Home, where she made them comfortable for the night. Jonathan Boggs was taken to the Shelter by the Adjutant and cared for. The mother, after a short stay, on her long trip to the mouth of the Creek with instruction to bring in the four older Boggs, that they, too, might be given shelter.

So they are all taken care of, and to-day—well, they are not troubling—perhaps, about to-day. But they will have to have help. Boggs and his two oldest boys are able and anxious to work. They look to meet to succeed them and the rest of the family.



LIEUTENANT GRAY GONE HOME.

Promoted to Glory from Springhill Mines.

After an illness of two weeks, Lieut. Murray Gray, died at 3:45 o'clock on Sunday morning, Oct. 15th, from typhoid fever. It was not thought that he was seriously ill until early on the morning of the 11th. From that time he rapidly sank. None of his family saw him die. His brother getting to Parramore Saturday drove up on Sunday some hours after his death. The Lieutenant's home was near Portsmouth, N. S. (Brazil Lake), where his parents reside. His mother, being an invalid, was unable to come, and said to his brother, "Kiss him for me, and bring him home." There was a funeral service held in the S. A. barracks on Monday morning, Revs. Wright and Gee assisting. Quite a large gathering of people assembled to pay respects to the noble young warrior who had been in the ranks of the S. A. for some time. He was a very fine specimen of a man that was so appropriate. "He died at his post" was sung at the service. Ensign Jennings left on the 10:15 train with the remains, which were taken to his home. The late Lieutenant was a valued officer in the Salvation Army. His short career as an officer (about two and a half years) was marked by his zeal and devotion, and as a proof of the Army's influence in his life, he would have been promoted to Captain at the council beginning Oct. 23rd, at St. John, N. B. "Yes, Jesus is precious," and "He holds me in the hollow of His hand," were a few of the words of testimony given in his brief hours. We shall miss you, our warrior boy, but we shall meet you by and-by around the throne in heaven. Commissioner Eva Booth sent the following message to Lieut. Gray shortly before he died:

"The love of Jesus will brighten the valley. The prayers of your Commissioner and thousands of your comrades go with you. We shall meet on the Golden Shore."

Never betray a confidence.

Never leave home with unkind words. Never send a present hoping for one in return.

Never laugh at the misfortunes of others.

Men who are the fastest asleep when they are asleep are the widest awake when they are awake.



ADJ. and MRS. "BISHOP" BLACKBURN.

Of Windsor, Ont., Corps and District.



ADJ. COOMBS and "SAVED SCOTTY."

Formerly "Drunken Dave," Champion H. F. Collector of Chatham, Ont.

"The Word for Christ."

BY THE GENERAL.

WHAT is a beautiful and heart-stirring motto. It could not very easily be surpassed. If you had three volumes, or a whole library of volumes, in which to describe the deeds of the Lord, or the hunger of the Blood-washed multitude of heaven, you could not very well say any more than, "The world."

The Whole World for Christ.

It is very much like the passage inscribed upon the facade of the London Royal Exchange, which runs, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

This motto is pre-eminently appreciated by Salvationists. They understand its meaning, and, extravagant as it may sound, and humble as may be their earthly station, narrow their ability, imperfect their learning, and limited their possessions, they have set their hearts on its realization. They want the Lord to have His own.

Hence they face their barracks platforms with this claim; affix it to the walls of the rooms in which they sit, and eat, and sleep; gaze on it, and think of it at night, and in the first thing in the morning; they scribble it in their albums; it forms the head-line of their letter-paper; it is frequently on their lips in prayer, and preaching, and song; and its fulfillment is often one of the last desires of the heart as they close the swellings of Jordan. My young grandchildren (the eldest daughters of the Chief) have worked it for me. Golden letters were crisscrossed on a little screen which shields me from the fire as I write for the Cry; and when wondering about a theme for my annual Self-Denial letters, my eye fell upon this, and the thought flashed, "There is what you want, for you cannot do better—THE WORLD FOR CHRIST!"

What Does It Mean?

Let us have a look at it. What an evil habit that is of using words without taking in their true significance, and how common is the habit of so doing. In this case we will enquire. When we truly use the words, "The world for Christ," we give expression to a pious wish, or it may be an earnest prayer, and the world, which is now largely in the possession of the devil, may come into the actual possession of Christ.

You know what Possession means. If you have or own a five-dollar bill, it is yours to do with as you wish. In this case, if you desire one, or imagine that you possess one, but if the \$5 is actually yours, it will be at your disposal; you can spend it as you wish, store it up, or scatter it about, or have it made it expended by others, but always as you approve, and in your interests.

Now, if this world of ours, really and truly belonged to the Master, He would possess it as absolutely as you would your five-dollar bill. The hearts of the 1,500,000,000 of its inhabitants, with their goods, their influence, their money, and such service as they were able to render, would all belong to Him. And, as the result, the inhabitants of the earth would be as truly given over to the doing of the will of God above as the inhabitants of heaven are above. And as much as the world about the world—may, as you walked about your town—you would be able to say—"This town belongs to my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. These men, these women, and these children, and these horses and carriages, these banks and business houses

All Belong to Him,

they are all His property. Their owners are His servants; they spend their money, and use their possessions, and time, and influence, and their bodies, and they are themselves, in their own persons, entirely at His disposal to stay where they are, or to go to any other part of the world that they may be more truly for His interests or that He may wish." Such a possession of the world by Jesus Christ would mean three things:

1.—The Reign of Purity.

WE SHOULD HAVE A HOLY WORLD. If every man was actuated by the Spirit of Christ, then every man would possess His character, and every child knows that Christ was holy, unspotted, and without blemish, and would mean that all uncleanness, and pride, and covetousness, and infidelity would vanish away. The thoughts, and feelings, and conversa-

tions, and lives of men, and women, and children would be clean. What a change this would be.

2. WE SHOULD HAVE

The Universal Religion of Love.

Husbands would love their wives, and wives would love their husbands; parents would love their children, and children their parents; brothers and sisters would love each other; masters would love their servants, and servants their masters; neighbors would love their neighbors, and strangers would love strangers. Men would no longer need the exhortation to love their enemies, for there would be no enemies to love.

The people of one nation would love the people of another. Patriotism, or the love of country, which means a special preference for the land in which a man happens to be born, and for another man who happens to come into the world within a given number of miles from our spot, would be out, because every man would feel that every other man was his brother, and that his country was on every shore.

"The need of soldiers would be abolished, because there would be

No Quarrels to Fight About.

and war would be no more. Because, instead of men trying to get the advantage of each other in body or estate, the strife would be how to promote each other's welfare. Law suits and strikes, and every other form of selfish dispute, would no longer take place, or, having taken place, would soon be arranged in love. The ghastly and innumerable forms of competition—starting the poor in particular, and creating the hearts of all classes in general, now seen every day in trades, learning, pleasure-mongering, and religion—would all be lost in the one universal and continuous strife in which should exist love, strength, and unity. It would be a holy competition in love.

3. THE WORLD IN THE POSSESSION OF CHRIST WOULD MEAN

The Reign of Happiness.

One of the falsest slanders on true religion is that which paints it as a melancholy thing. Oh, if ever Christ should reign on this world, what a repudiation of that lie would be witnessed. There would we imagine that glorious event to have transpired, and that so recently that the ruins of the Disposition of Evil were still to be seen alongside the fresh and bright creation of the Reign of Christ. And could I imagine my reader walking with me in this new world, and questioning me as to the things seen and heard?—If so, the following, I fancy, would be something of the conversation which, after some introductory expressions of surprise, would take place between us:—

"What a change in the people! How happy and beautiful they all look! And they so gaily laughing and carolling past!"

"Yes; you see, they are all living in the favor of God; they have a good conscience, with sweet peace and contentment in their hearts; they love their neighbors, have faith in a future of peace and plenty on earth, and of a future of perfect blessedness in heaven. Hence their admirable appearance. In the old days, I saw men and women talked enough about lovely flowers, and lovely trees, and lovely landscapes, and a host of other lovely things, but seldom or never about lovely people. Now, men and women of every nation, race, and color, on this redeemed earth, will come to rank next door, if not above, the angels of God for sweetness and beauty."

"Where are all the Prisons?"

"Oh, at present they are all playgrounds for the children until the new homes of gladness and education for our little ones are ready. These hideous hantles of misery—the prisons—are coming down, the sites being wanted for noble erections."

"Where are the prisoners?"

"Oh, they have all seen the evil of their ways, and have been converted to the love of righteousness, and are delighted with the honest lives they are permitted to live under the care of the Salvation Army."

"Where are the breweries?"

"Oh, they are blown up with the dynamite no longer needed by the War

Office. They were wiped out, as unbelieving men under the dispensation just closed would have wiped out hell had they had the opportunity. This wiping out was universally felt to be desired, and the great crowd went up from all the inhabitants of the city when the noise of the explosion was heard, and they sang 'Babylon is fallen, is fallen; and all the graven images of her gods. He hath broken into the ground.'"

"Where are the Public-Houses and Gambling Palaces?"

"That poverty-making business was closed with the new government. They are now used for temporary dwellings for the inhabitants of the worst of the slums, pending the erection of the new Municipal Homes for the Poor, which are being built in the suburbs."

"Where are the hospitals?"

"They are coming down. Disease is already becoming rare. People mostly die of old age, and are kept in the best of the old age, or in these huge and hideous places are now attended and nursed in their own homes."

"Where are the Workhouses?"

"They are still occupied by the paupers, but as a competition with those who are being rapidly taught and trained for better things by the Salvationists."

"I see the theatres are there without any outward alterations. What is being done with them?"

"Oh, they have performances as usual, only the dramas put upon the stage represent religious occurrences, and the actors are men and women with hearts full of love to God and man, and lives that are stainlessly pure. Indeed, the whole thing is as truly a religious affair as any religious performance could be, usually ending up with the penitent form."

"What about the concert halls?"

"Oh, they are nightly packed full of people, who recreate themselves by listening to music of the most enchanting character, and songs describing the joys of earth and heaven."

"What about the parks?"

"They are crowded with trees and flowers, and fountains, and statues, and in the summer-time with holy, happy throngs of people, who amuse themselves with games, and dancing, and singing."

"What about the poor? Where do they dwell? Has anything been done with the vexatious question of housing the poor of the great cities?"

"Oh, I should think there has! They are being drawn into comfortable cottages built for them in the suburbs alongside the great railways, where the children will see the sky, and play in the meadows, and watch the daisies and buttercups grow, and laugh the merry birds to sing over their heads, and the weary will

Drink in the Pure Air of Heaven

when they sleep and when they wake."

"But where is the money coming from to pay all these charges? Has the Great Prince who has with His heavenly magic won the hearts of men created an inexhaustible supply?"

"No. Things go forward in that respect on much the same principles as before, with the exception that there is abundance of cash."

"But how is it managed?"

"Well, you see, the use of intoxicants has been voluntarily abandoned, and thereby the drinking has been saved millions of dollars per annum. Then she saves millions by the reclamation of the foolish habit of smoking. Then she probably saves millions more by the putting away of luxurious luxury in food, dress, recreation, and the like."

"Then she saves millions more from the cost of war, justice, pauperism, and I know not what. Indeed, the cost of the Government, the care of criminals, the provision for paupers, together with other kindred things, will be reduced one-fourth, while the productiveness of the country will be multiplied many times over."

Talk About Happiness!

When sin, and vice, and idleness, and crime, and selfishness have vanished; and peace, and hope, and love have taken their place, earth will be a long way on towards heaven."

"What about the churches?"

"Oh, they are crowded out all the time, for every day is Sunday now, and the plans are all complete for a Grand Central Temple, which is to contain a hundred thousand worshippers. But this is not the same need for buildings set apart for this purpose now, seeing that God is obeyed, adored and praised in homes, factories, theatres, parks, and everywhere else, for

Every Man is Now a Saintman;

every act of this life is a religious exercise, and every breath means prayer. How could it be otherwise than the Reign of Happiness when the land is full of affection, and, consequently, of unity, and peace, and song?"

"Where are the butcher-shops and slaughter-houses?"

"Gone; the public ones, anyway."

"Don't the people kill and eat animals in these days of love and affection?"

"That is a question."

"The whole thing is impossible—a dream, it can never be."

"Who told you so, my friend? My comrades, where is the authority for your unbelief? Is it the theologians?"

"They have often been mistaken, and contradicted each other at almost every point."

"Was it the men and women who are failures in their own religious experience of their own religious labors? Did you learn it from the natural unbiblical of your own poor soul, or does it come from Satan himself?"

"I am not a failure. I cannot have all I have faintly described in our day, we can at least and most certainly have a portion of this Millennial glory."

In An Imminent Stride Forward

can be made ahead of what we are to-day. I have taught this—

1. BY THE PROPHECIES OF HOLY MEN OF OLD. Read the 60th chapter of Isaiah.

2. THE PROMISES OF JEHOVAH.

3. THE SUCCESS OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE BEEN IN BARRICKS IN THEIR DAY. If we could have such enthusiastic, overcomers for our souls as Paul and St. Francis, Savonarola and Wesley, Whitfield and Caughey, Finney and Moody, and a host of others multiplied by thousands, a world-wide revolution for God and man would be followed.

THAT CHRIST SHOULD HAVE THE WORLD IS IN HARMONY WITH THE HEART-HUNGER AND THIRST OF THE HOLIEST AND BEST OF MEN WHO LIVE TO-DAY, OR ANY TIME. And if the faith to-day burns low, the fire of deity burns strong. Oh, the millions who cry out every day, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven!"

5. IT IS IN HARMONY WITH THE WONDERFUL RESULTS WITH WHICH GOD HAS BEEN PLEASED TO FAVOR THE TOILS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.—And what has been done in the past and is being accomplished in the present in the march toward the consummation, you see, greatly long after, has been effected by SELF-DENIAL.

If we have not done better than we have done, it has been for want of Self-Denial.

WITH MORE SELF-DENIAL WE SHALL DO BETTER STILL.

SUNSHINE OVERHEAD.

The greatest French author of the century, one of the greatest minds of the world's history, Victor Hugo, near the close of his life wrote the following beautiful thoughts:

"I feel in myself the future life. I am rising, I feel toward the sky. The sunshine is over my head. Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds."

You say the soul is nothing but the result of body power, and many others say my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart.

The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I see around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvellous, very simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is a history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts, my prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave can I say, 'I am many others.' I have finished my day's work, but I cannot say: 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes with the twilight hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My work is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see the meaning and the love in history. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity."



THE REMORSE OF JUDAS.

OUR WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON

THE BETRAYAL OF CHRIST.

John xviii. 1-13.

(The career of the traitor. Judas Iscariot is called the "son of Simon, John vi. 21. The word Iscariot may mean "a man of Kerioth" (a town of Judah. Jos. xv. 25.) He was one of the twelve disciples of our Lord; censures Mary for anointing Jesus (John xii. 4); his treachery foretold (Matt. xxvi. 21; Mark xiv. 18; Luke xxii. 21; John vi. 17, xiii. 21); agrees with the priests (Matt. xxvi. 14; Mark xiv. 10; Luke xxii. 3); betrays Jesus in the Garden (Matt. xxvi. 47; John xviii. 2); hangs himself (Matt. xxvii. 3; Acts i. 16).)

This is the saddest chapter in the sacred story.

Treachery is a terrible thing. We cannot imagine any thought more base, any cruelty more heart-rending, any action more mean than an abuse of trust. Before a man stoops to sell the principles and perchance the reputation of his leaders, he must have fallen low indeed.

Here we have the record of the most terrible treachery ever known, when, for the sake of worldly gain, an earthly follower forsook, and betrayed a Heavenly Master.

The hand which lifted the world's cup of suffering and sorrow, did not shrink from the bitterest drop in it. How cheered should those of His children be who have had to endure the fashions of friends, the unfaithfulness of those in whom they have reposed such trust when they remember that the Man of Sorrows went through this bitterest experience in the bitterest way. He was betrayed, and betrayed unto death by a man who had shared His secrets, His sorrows, His joys, and apparently His purposes for the saving of the world.

There are several conjectures as to the motives which may have induced Judas to do this dark and dreadful deed. Some think that it can only have been owing to anger aroused by the public rebuke given him by Christ, in the house of Simon the Leper; others that he may have thought that Jesus would have been compelled to defend Himself, and thus bring about the establishment of a temporal kingdom, hoping for the treasureship of the same; while others suppose that he may have abandoned what seemed to him a failing cause, and hoped by his treachery to gain favor and position with the Pharisees. But what seems more likely than any of these suppositions is that the devil played upon the man's weakest point, and induced him to deadly sin by that temptation to which he would most readily yield. The man had already shown himself full of greed. He had given rein to a disposition naturally avaricious, and had gone down under what we may suppose was a sudden temptation.

Judas had played with sin until sin had gained a deadly ascendancy over him. His punishment was bitter, for his remorse, though we may imagine was sincere, was too tardy to be of any benefit to him. Alas! to how many imitators of Judas who have sold their Saviour and their salvation, has repentance come too late.

"Just a little moment,
Passing on its way;
Tell me what the little moments say.
'While in passing, use me;
'Surely don't abuse me.'
Swift the little moments fly away."

Scandals and crimes in the newspapers are helping the devil about as much as the hypocrites in the church.

Weekly Watchword:

What Affliction Should be to Us.

"A lump of woe affliction is,
Yet thence I borrow lamps of bliss;
Though few can see a blessing in't,
It is my furnace and my mint."

DAILY TONIC

SUNDAY.

Man is Born to Affliction.—Job v. 6-7.
When sin came into the world sorrow stepped up to its side, and so throughout the ages there has never been a man who has never known a grief, or a woman who has never shed a tear. Trouble is sure to come sooner or later to some extent into our lives. Let us expect it, keep up our hearts under it, and learn from it and the lesson it is sent to teach.

MONDAY.

Affliction the Proof of God's Love.—Heb. xii. 6.

Far from being any sign of Heaven's disapproval, affliction is often a most manifest expression of His special interest and love. Someone has said that suffering is the accolade with which God raises His chosen to spiritual Knighthood. Certainly without affliction many of His choicest would yet have been "diamonds in the rough."

TUESDAY.

The Object of Affliction.—I. Peter v. 10.
No suffering is purposeless that may swell the child of God. Affliction has definite objects. With some it may come to make humble, to acquaint the soul with its own insufficiency and force it upon God; with some it comes to strengthen, to equip the soul so that it may stand for service and for war.

WEDNESDAY.

Resignation Under Affliction.—Ps. exix. 76.

Does the man who grumbles and chafes under misfortune lighten his load? After all it is not the amount of trouble in the world which makes its heaviest load, but the bad way men have of bearing it.

THURSDAY.

Comfort in Affliction.—II. Cor. i. 4.

God has not left us to struggle through tribulation single-handed. His comfort is a precious and bright reality in the darkest trials of His saints. The consolation of knowing that His presence is with us, goes a long way to light the clouds of earth's most shaded hour, and to give us strength to suffer and yet be strong.

FRIDAY.

Why we Should Endure Affliction Patiently.—II. Cor. iv. 5.

First because of its beneficial effect upon our character. Second, because of its final recompense, "the eternal weight of glory," spoken of by the Apostle, which far outweighs the temporary troubles of the present life. People get impatient and fret under trial because they look no further than the vicissitudes of the present hour.

SATURDAY.

What Affliction Fits for.—Rev. vii. 14.

"Affliction polishes and does not scratch the true Christian." If our hearts are in tune with His will, our minds submissive to His purposes, we need have no fear that trouble will have an adverse effect upon our character. Coming through great tribulations will make our robes the whiter, and our hearts the lighter in Paradise.

"What is Self-Denial?"

This question is often asked and seldom well answered. The Special

Self-Denial War Cry

will contain an excellent, short catechism on S.D., by Lieut.-Colonel Margetts.

THE DATES

OF THE

SELF-DENIAL WEEK,

1899,

WILL BE

November 19th to 26th

(INCLUSIVE).

What have you planned to deny
yourself of to help
OTHERS?

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Lieut. Meeks, of Newmarket, to be
Captain at Brooklyn.

Lieut. Huskinson, of North Bay, to be
Captain at Midland.

Lieut. Crego, of Aurora, to be Captain
at Abmie Harbor.

Lieut. Jordinson, of Mitchell, to be
Captain.

Lieut. Mumford, of Woodstock, to be
Captain.

Appointments—

STAFF-CAPT. RAWLING, East Ont-
ario Province, to be Chancellor of
the Eastern Province.

STAFF-CAPT. TAYLOR of the East
Ontario Province, to be Chancellor of the
East Ontario Province.

ENSIGN WALKER, of Barre, Vt.,
to Collingwood.

ENSIGN W. H. COLLIER, late of
the Montreal Shelter; to the Listowel
Corps.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



Latest Provincial Change.

As announced in our last issue, Major McMillan has faredwell from the North-West Province, and is going on furlough. The Field Commissioner has appointed Major Southall to the command of the North-West Province, and before this reaches our readers he will have taken charge of affairs at our Winnipeg Headquarters. The Major has made an excellent record during his appointment in the West Ontario Province. His permanent successor has not yet been appointed; Brigadier Pugmire, in addition to his present duties as Social Secretary, assumes pro tem command as Provincial Officer for West Ontario.

We feel certain that the appointment of Major Southall to the North-West Province will be noted with satisfaction by the Field, especially by the Western troops themselves, and we predict that the Major will very ably proceed with the development of our opportunities in the North-West, as indicated in our recent published interview with Major McMillan.

The latter desires us to thank, through the War Cry, all officers, soldiers and friends, who so kindly sent their sympathy and made enquiries of his health during his recent attack. Thanks to the careful nursing of Mrs. McMillan, the Major's illness is past the critical point of danger, and with some care and rest, there is every hope that he will fully recuperate in time.



The Field Commissioner starts for the East in a day or two, for a short and busy visit. The Eastern officers are looking forward with great expectations to the councils at St. John. Unfortunately the visit to Halifax will be a little too early for the Worcester Regiment that are coming over from Bermuda. The many Salvationists in that regiment need not despair. The Commissioner is more than likely to visit Halifax during the next twelve months.

By the way, it appears to me that many of the Salvationists of the Worcester Regiment should make some arrangements for offering themselves to the Salvation Army as officers for the purpose of fighting the devil in this Territory. One has just applied. May this be only the forerunner of many more.

The demands of the war at times require quick movements of the responsible officers of the Army. The breakdown in the health of Major McMillan, of the North-West Province, who, unfortunately, had a rather serious relapse at the Anniversary gatherings, has

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS

FROM

The Officers of the Men's Social

To the Field Commissioner, at the 17th Anniversary of
the S. A. in Canada.

Beloved Commissioner:

With gratitude to God for His goodness, in the past, on this the occasion of the 17th Anniversary of our work in the Dominion, we greet you.

The demonstration of your love for the lost, the degraded and most helpless and despairing of sinners, is a stimulus to us in the grand and glorious work of saving the souls and bodies of men, in which we are engaged.

During the past year we have sheltered 108,662, supplied with meals 262,224, found employment for 6,568, conducted 640 meetings and led 69 to Jesus.

And during the coming year we pledge ourselves for further triumphs.

Signed on behalf of the
Men's Social Staff, Officers and Workers. J. S. PUGMIRE,
Men's Social Secretary.

necessitated the farewell of Major and Mrs. Southall from the West Ontario Province at a week's notice.

Major and Mrs. McMillan would very much like to have fought the battle to the finish in the North-West, as they were most anxious to score a tremendous Self-Denial victory, which they would have done if their health had permitted. The doctors are unanimous in saying that it would be unjust to the Major and his future if allowed to do so. The Major will rest in Toronto.

The West Ontario Province at first sight may appear to be at a little disadvantage, as its regular Provincial Officer will not be appointed for the present. Brigadier Pugmire will take charge pro tem. Under his leadership the war will be pushed and the Self-Denial brought to a successful issue.

Major Southall will still have some lingering regard and a little anxiety respecting the West Ontario Province future, and especially the Self-Denial, the successful issue of which effort will be considered by him (if no one else) largely due to the plans and arrangements made for the battle. At the same time it is not always easy to carry to a successful issue, complicated and elaborate plans usually devised by the late

Provincial Officer of West Ontario; however, we think Brigadier Pugmire will rise to the occasion, with the valuable assistance of Staff-Capt. Phillips, and do credit to himself and Major Southall.

I am continually having enquiries regarding my health. They come from different parts of the world. The latest is from Java, from my old friend, Major Cummings. Now, it is quite true I was sick once upon a time; I admit it was a rather serious illness, but that was quite a long time ago. Since April 15th, 1898, I have been back at my desk and duty, excepting two weeks' furlough. Two weeks' rest in eighteen months is not considered outrageous in this country. Will officers in other countries please note, and write accordingly.

Salvation Army Officers

CONDUCT MEETINGS AT THE

CENTRAL PRISON AND MERCER
REFORMATORY.

By permission of Chief Warden Gilman, of the reformatory, our Social Secretary, Headquarters Officers, consisting of Brigadier Pugmire, Brigadier Mrs.

Thanksgiving Day

Among the Institutions of Toronto.

By BRIGADIER MRS. READ.

At the Central Prison.

In conjunction with several of the Sunday School teachers, the Salvation Army conducted a most impressive and enjoyable service in the Central Prison on Thanksgiving Day. The Army party consisted of Brigadier Pugmire, Major Turner, the writer, the String Band, and others. The meeting is reported in full elsewhere.

At the Jail.

Major Stewart led a very profitable meeting with the women-prisoners 'over the Don' on Thursday afternoon. The Major reports good times generally in the Toronto League of Mercy.

At the Women's Shelter.

At the Women's Shelter dear Mother Florence gave the women a treat. She spent the evening with them, and with her bright stories and good counsel, relieved an hour or two of their oftentimes desolate lives.

At the Girls' Refuge.

Miss Elliot, Superintendent of the Girls' Refuge, invited us to do a special Thanksgiving service at the Girls' Refuge in addition to our regular monthly meeting. This took place on Friday evening, being the evening with them, and with the H. G. String Band, led by Staff Capt. Morris, kindly gave their services. There were over 40 girls present who thoroughly enjoyed the evening. The Quartette sang, and the Band played several selections. Staff-Capt. Creighton sang a touching solo and spoke to the girls. Staff-Capt. Morris gave a short, practical address, in addition to a solo. The girls sang very brightly in the united hymns, and were very appreciative of all the proceedings. It was an evening's enjoyment which will live long in their hearts.

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts

will visit the

PACIFIC PROVINCE

and conduct Special Meetings as follows:

Nelson, B. C., Friday, Nov. 3.
Rossland, B. C., Sat. and Sun., Nov. 4, 5.
Spokane, Mont., Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 7, 8, 9, 10.
Helena, Mont., Sun. and Mon., Nov. 12, 13.
Bozeman, Mont., Tuesday, Nov. 14.
Billings, Mont., Wednesday, Nov. 15.
Jamestown, N. D., Friday, Nov. 17.
Grand Forks, N. D., Sat. and Sun., Nov. 18, 19.
 Fargo, N. D., Monday, Nov. 20.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE,

WILL VISIT AND CONDUCT SPECIAL SERVICES

— at —

Woodstock, Thursday, Nov. 2.
Simcoe, Friday, Nov. 3.
Brantford, Sat. and Sun., Nov. 4, 5.

BRIGADIER MRS. READ,

Women's Social Secretary,

will visit

Fargo, N. D., Tues. and Wed., Nov. 14, 15.
Jamestown, N. D., Thursday, Nov. 16.
*Butte, Mont., Sat. and Mon., Nov. 18, 19, 20. Opening new Rescue Home.
*Spokane, Wash., Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun. and Mon., Nov. 23, 24, 25, 26, 27. Rescue Home Anniversary.
*Victoria, B. C., Tues. and Wed., Nov. 25, 26. Opening new Rescue Home.
Vancouver, B. C., Sat. and Sun., Dec. 2, 3.
Calgary, N. W. T., Tuesday, Dec. 5.
Braudon, Man., Thursday, Dec. 7.
Winnipeg, Man., Sat., Sun., Mon. and Tues., Dec. 9, 10, 11, 12. Anniversary Rescue Home.
*Brigadier Howell will accompany Mrs. Read at these places.

A FINE DRAGON TALE

will grace the pages of the
SELF-DENIAL WAR CRY.

Who is the author?

There is none.

None?

No; it's an authress—Adj. Page.

Another Indian Famine

SCORES DYING DAILY IN AHMED-
ABAD.

Possibly Even Worse than the Famine of 1867—
A Famine Fund Opened.

"I am engaged at this moment writing to Commissioner Higgins in India," said Commissioner Howard to a War Cry representative. "The famine has laid its ghastly, skeleton fingers once more upon—"

"Famine!" I exclaimed. "Why, my daily paper informed me that the dread of famine had disappeared! A deluge of rain had fallen in the nick of time."

Commissioner Howard stamped his foot and struck the unattractive self his fist. "Your paper is a one-sided show then. They forget the dimensions of India. When they write of it being saved from famine as a WHOLE, they NOT ONLY forget that PART of it—as big as this country—was visited with but a passing shower, and the result is that millions of poor Indians have already perished upon a period of starvation as terrible, if not more terrible, than that of '97."

"It is surely not possible!"

"It is a fact. This false law of averages blinds the general reader to the fact that the famine in India fell in Gujarat, Rajputana, etc., just June or July. The natives, with that resignation to adversity which seldom deserts them, calmly waited the coming of the next season. They reasoned thus: 'We have lost our summer crop, but we still have the seed; we can subsist on that till the next sowing in September, and trust to chance and the gods.' September came and with it came nothing but the blue sky, the burning sun, and the burning ground. They lived on their seed. At the last moment, as your paper said, rain fell, and thank God for it; but in the districts referred to—Rajputana, Gujarat, etc.—it came as a mockery and a delusion."

"With the first shower, the natives rushed in all directions for seed, and while the ground was soft, sowed all they had collected; but before many hours had elapsed, the heavens dried up, so to speak, and the sun poured its burning rays upon the land, baked it, burned as the saying goes, and destroyed the seed."

"Disastrous!"

"Disastrous, indeed; for the natives in these largely unpopulated districts have NOT ONLY LOST TWO HARVESTS, BUT THEIR SEED AS WELL."

"It is most terrible!" I cried.

"Ah, I wish I could get ten thousand people to feel as you do." And Commissioner Howard read the following extract from his Indian mail:—

"You will be sorry to hear that the prospects of famine continue as bad as ever, and increase day by day. There seems no sign of any rain, the people will be worse off than ever. The poor village folk pour into Ahmedabad, hoping for work and relief; there are said to be twenty thousand arrivals. Rich Hindus distribute a great deal of grain to the poor, but already a large number have died from starvation; it is reported that forty-two died yesterday. One man died opposite our Women's Training Home the other day from sheer hunger. One of the great dangers that threaten this part of the country is loss of cattle. Thousands have already died for want of food. The effect of this on the country will take years to overcome, as the cattle is the chief means of support. Scarcity of food is also felt among the Panah Mahals, and the Bhils, whom you know are a very wild and uncivilized people, have risen up to fight for grain. Ten thousand of them gathered together, intending to riot. The police had to be wired for from Baroda. Fifty people died. In Rajputana the famine is worse than any place else. Nine thousand persons are said to have left Ajmer. In the neighborhood of Beawar, twelve thousand are engaged in famine works, and there is no doubt this unless we get rain before the winter crops, that is by January, the distress will be indescribable."

"As soon as this frightful situation was presented to us, we cabled \$1,000 to India, to be applied to the alleviation of the most distressed, believing that we should be supported by the British public when they ascertained how things stood. Our people asked this gift with unbounded gratitude, and I am afraid, exceeded the limit of reasonable expectations." And again Commissioner Howard read from his Indian mail:

"With the \$1,000 that you so kindly remitted, and for which we are overflowing with gratitude, Lieut.-Colonel Naranhi has decided to open grain depots at each district headquarters in the territory affected, the number I believe is twenty-five. It is proposed to open with a stock of grain of the value of forty rupees in the smaller districts, increasing the amount up to fifty rupees in the larger. We shall arrange that a weekly statement be sent to the Territorial Headquarters, a copy of which I enclose. I have also arranged with Colonel Naranhi that a summary of the weekly returns shall be given me, so that I may know what amount of money is likely to be required at the expiration of four weeks. The plan we have adopted is to sell the grain at a reduction of twenty-five per cent. on the current price. We shall afford discretionary power to the Officer in charge of each depot, to give, under special circumstances, free grain up to the amount of five rupees per week at small depots, and up to eight or ten rupees per week at the larger depots. You will see that it will cost at least 2,500 rupees to start the depots and to keep them going for the first month, and to continue this we will require a grant subsequently of at least fifteen hundred rupees per month."

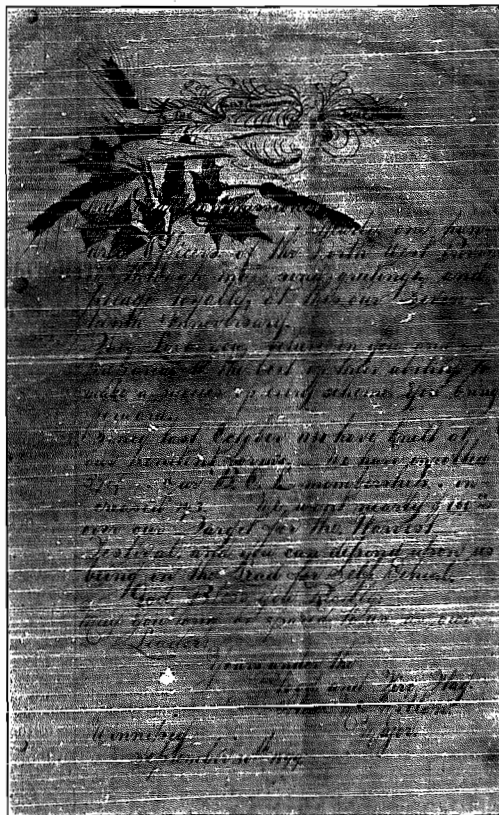
A fund has been opened at our International Headquarters, London, for the relief of the starving Hindus. In 1897 a great deal of suffering was relieved and many lives were saved by means of the contributions given to the S. A. for this purpose.

Donations may be sent to Commissioner or Eva Booth, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

BIGADIER MRS. READ,

Who is a well-known literary light of this Territory, will contribute a special article to the

Self-Denial War Cry.



The Anniversary Address of the North-West.

"The Face of an Angel."

By MISS BOOTH.

In the Special Self-Denial
War Cry.

November 18th, 1899,

FROM OUR INDIAN PIONEERS.

Since coming to Port Simpson God has blessed our labors. Some seven prisoners and four backsliders have come out and got right with God, and more are on the point of surrendering. Some have had some personal grievances to put straight before they feel God will save them.

When all the Indians get home we expect a good winter's campaign.

One little boy died belonging to two of our soldiers, and he was buried under the Army Flag. The Ensign conducted the service. We have had another child dedicated to God and the Army, her name is Rosa Matilda Alexia. We had a very interesting ceremony. Everybody seemed pleased with it.

Most of the Indians are away at present fishing and hunting for their winter's food.

Our sister who lost her baby boy said that her heart through it had been burned, but Jesus had come and healed it. Her husband said that people asked him why he did not keep away from the Army when his boy was dead. He said he wanted to wait for God and meet his boy in heaven.

So our work rolls on, and for my own part, I love the Indians and the work, for they are interesting.

And my testimony is that the Blood of Jesus Christ cleanses me from all sin, and I have the comfort of the Holy Ghost.—Robt. Smith, Adjt.

Gleanings

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

Our Next "Special."

November 18th will be the date of our next special edition, and it will be the Self-Denial War Cry. We have already secured the tinted paper on which it is to be printed, and a considerable number of our best contributors have sent or promised articles. We shall give detailed announcement of contents next week.

—[]—

Prison Work.

A good work is going on in connection with the prison. The Social Secretary, Brigadier Pugnaire, has been very much concerned about helping men whose terms have expired, getting them into situations, looking after them, etc., etc. Keep your eye open. The Social Secretary will be able to give some information relative to this later on.

—[]—

Montreal Lighthouse.

A change has taken place in "Joe Beef's" Converted," Montreal, Blue-Jay Collier having farrowed and is taking a Field appointment. His successor will be Ensign Miller, of the Eastern Province, an experienced, faithful and devoted officer.

—[]—

"The World for Christ."

With this number we are beginning a series of articles entitled "The World for Christ," written by the inspired pen of our beloved General. The articles are especially written for Self-Denial subjects, and will prove a blessing to all sincere Christians, as well as for sinners who are seeking for the truth.

—[]—

New Children's Shelter.

The old Richmond St. barracks is now undergoing a radical change. The front and interior are being completely altered for a Children's Shelter, and, when finished, will be a very creditable institution. We will endeavor to supply a photo for our readers when the building is completed.

—[]—

The Men's Training Garrison.

The former Children's Home has been fitted up for a new Men's Training Garrison attached to the Temple Corps, and now under the command of Steno Capt. Archibald. There are a fine lot of boys now in training, and it is hoped that their future career will bear out the hopes they have raised.

—[]—

Corps Cadets.

The Corps Cadets are increasing. The latest addition is Grace Cooper, the eldest daughter of Major Cooper, better known as "Happy Bill" Cooper, now in Glory. By the way, the Corps Cadet of the Young Soldier is worth reading by Senior Soldiers and Officers. It contains much valuable information that any Salvationist ought to know.

—[]—

The Klondike.

The Klondike Contingent is in good spirits. Adj. Morris writes encouragingly, but mentions the fact that quite a few of his soldiers are coming out this fall. He transferred not less than seven in one week. An extract from a letter of Ensign Ellery may be of interest. She writes under Sept. 20th:

"You suppose we are lonely sometimes? Well, I can speak for myself. I suppose you will be surprised when I tell you I have never been lonely since I came in here. I never was in a place where I have thought so little about home and friends. My whole heart and soul seems to be right here in Dawson, but I love my friends just the same. Oh, I can get as much to do for God and soul; for more than I have time to do or am able to do. I thank God for much better health this summer than I had last."

"A HAUNTED QUARTERS,"

By Major Southall,

In the Special Self-Denial War Cry.



DIFFICULTIES MET.

(Continued.)

When I was in Australia and spoke on this subject, a man came at about ten o'clock at night, and said to me, "I want to have a conversation with you," because he never saw this truth. He believed in cleansing, he said, but not this kind of cleansing. I asked him what kind of cleansing he believed in.

"I believe Jesus can cleanse and cleanses me daily, but I never believed it was all cleansed out."

I said, "My dear brother, what is the meaning of 'cleansed out'? What is the meaning of 'clean'? If it is clean, it must be clean. If the Lord left anything inside, would you call that cleansing? If you ask your child to clean your cup or tumbler, and the child brings it back with some filth inside, not altogether washed out, what would you say? No, you would not want a tumbler like that. Would God call it clean when you have a filthy heart?"

"Oh," he said, "I never thought like that."

I said, "You must believe like that now. Your not believing does not alter the fact."

"But, my dear brother," he said, "that is not our teaching."

I said, "It doesn't make any difference about your teaching."

"But our ministers do not believe that."

"I do not care whether your ministers believe it or not, it is in the Bible."

Then he brought up another point. It was this, "God said those words to Ezekiel, for the Jews, and not for us. That promise was for the Jews, and I am not a Jew."

I said, "If that was for the Jews, Christ came only for the Jews. You are a Gentile dog."

"Oh," he said, "I never thought of that."

I said, "If you want to do away with a promise like that, you must do away with Christ also, because Christ came for the lost sheep of the House of Israel. You are only a Gentile dog."

He said, "My dear brother, you drive the nail very straight. I never saw the truth like that, but I do believe it now."

"He knelt down like a little child. He was a teacher among the brethren. I was a teacher among the brethren. I because I said this to you. God said it," and he knelt down and claimed the wonderful cleansing from all filthiness. He simple faith. Acts xv. 9 (below). He simple faith, always rejoicing in Hisfulness.

Next morning, as I was going away, he came rushing to the railroad car where I was sitting and said, "My dear brother, now it is glory in and glory out!"

I said, "God bless you! Glory be to God! This glory will never leave you, never leave you!"

Many try to reconcile their experience with God's word and are sadly disappointed, and many others want to bring the verse to their experience, instead of bringing their experience to the verse; so they never enter this life. If you are going to find out by experience, you can never find out, you will never believe the fact.

First, you get your breakfast; when you have eaten your breakfast you will realize the truth that you have not your breakfast. First, fact; second, faith; third, feeling. First fact—"I second, faith—taking God at His word, then you get the cleansing; and third, feeling. Believe what God says. Say, 'God says it, I believe it, I have it.'"

Fourth, the Bible God teaches a about purity of heart. I Tim. i. 5 (R.V.). "Now the end of the charge is love and a good conscience and faith unfeigned."

Oh, purity, purity! The wonderful God will bless you if you will only believe His word, "I will cleanse you."

Some one says, "Well, how can I believe?" You believe many other things. All things in the Bible are taken by faith. You won't find one thing apart from faith.

Rom. v. i. You are "justified by faith." You believe that, don't you? The Lord said all your sins were laid upon a cross. You believe it; you don't doubt about it; you take it. You take God at His word. Why don't you

believe the other truth in the same way? Acts xv. 9 (R.V.). "And He made no distinction between us and them, cleansing their hearts by faith." "Cleansing their hearts by faith!" You believe in salvation by faith; why don't you believe in cleansing by faith? You believe one fact. You take Christ as your Saviour by simply believing what He says. Why don't you believe in the same way when He says He can cleanse you by faith? There is no difference between that fact, and this fact—faith. You believe one and doubt the other.

Again, in Acts xxvi. 18, "That they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith." "By faith!" Sanctification comes also by faith.

You can't get rid of the truth. It is all faith from beginning to end—faith, faith, faith. You can't get anything by feeling. There is no feeling business in the Bible, and I thank God for it. Not a word is there about feeling. You will

IV.

How Do You Know That You are Cleaned?

First, you will understand it by the word of God alone, because God says it. "I will cleanse you from all filthiness," "Ye are clean." "Clean every whit."

Second, the effect of it will be seen in your life, if you are cleansed according to the word of God, from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit.

The lepers, after they had been cleansed, used to go to the priests before they went to their houses. When they came before the priests, the priests looked at them, examined them, and said, "You are clean, go home." When the priest pronounced a man clean, he was clean. He was not clean according to his imagination—"I don't think I am clean"—not that. When the priest pronounced him clean, he was clean. So Jesus says, John xv. 2, 3, "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, He purgeth it, that it

may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." "Ye are clean." The wonderful Saviour says, "Ye are clean." Why can't you take Him at His word?

Some people want to look into their hearts. They say, "I am sure I am not clean. According to my experience, I am sure I am not clean." That is not the place to look. The place to look is in His word. How do you know you are clean? Because God says so.

A prisoner is standing before the Judge. The Judge says, "You are free." How does he know he is free? Can he understand he is free because of his feelings? Can he feel released? No; but he is released because the Judge says so.

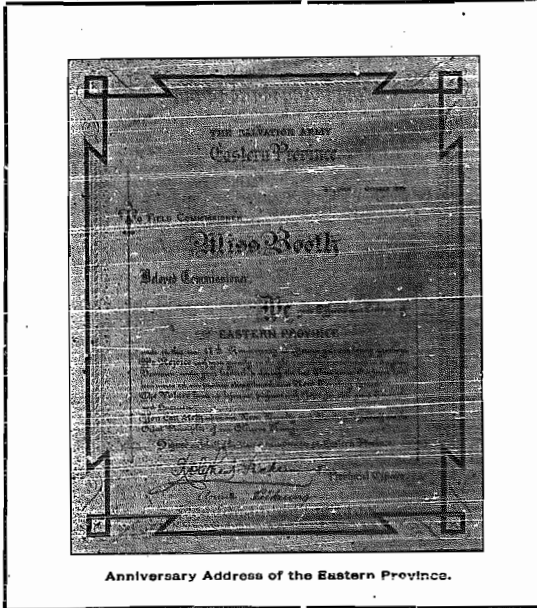
"John, I have released you; out you go," John says, "Judge, is that true? I don't feel released." The Judge says, "O you stupid, get out; you are released," and calls to a policeman, "Put that fellow out!" and the policeman puts him out. When John gets outside he says, "Yes, I am outside the Court House, now I feel I am free."

When did he feel? Did he feel when he was inside the Court House? No; he felt when he had gone outside the Court House; but that did not alter the fact that he was free when he was in the Court House, because the Judge said so.

Glory be to God! When the wonderful High Priest says to you, "You are clean," take Him at His word. You are free, you are clean, clean every whit, every whit. That is the way to understand it.

SETTING THINGS RIGHT.

Tell a man he is wrong; if he is a man, he will right it, by the help of God. Show a man that he is wrong, and if he begins to reason about it, give amendment by and by, that man is morally unsound to the centre of his soul. When a Captain of a ship has been out at sea in a fog for a week, and has been going nowhere, and suddenly the cloud lifts and the sun streams upon him, and he finds out that he is hundreds and hundreds of miles away from his true course, what does he do? He thanks God for deliverance, for the great rebuke, for the sweet discovery of the light, heads the ship the other way, and begins to beat back with a singing heart to his true course. And so when you find an honest man, and show him that he is not on the right path, that he has departed from his true course, gratitude leaps like a spring set free in his heart, and there is a new song in his soul, and he begins to beat back to righteousness.—G. A. Gordon, D. D.



have plenty of feeling after you believe it, but there is no chance for people who want to feel first.

II. Cor. i. 24, "For by faith ye stand." Standing comes also by faith.

Take another verse, II. Cor. v. 7, "For we walk by faith, not by sight." We walk also by faith.

What more do you want? Oh, brother, the wonderful word of God! We are living also by faith. All the gifts come by faith.

Take another verse, Gal. ii. 20, "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God." There we are living also by faith.

Take another verse, Gal. iii. 14, "That we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith." That is also through faith. Ep. iii. 17, "That Christ men dwell in your hearts by faith." That is it. I tell you the word of God gives all blessings by faith, faith, faith! Will you receive the cleansing now by faith? Acts xv. 9 (above).

I have been through a good many places. People used to get up in meetings and say, "O God, cleanse me!" Humbug! They don't believe that He has done it. They ask and go away, that is all; and in another month or two, perhaps a year, they come back in the same way. Perhaps they go over the same business twenty-five or thirty times. Why? They haven't come to the point as yet. When they come to the right point of believing that Jesus cleanses all sin, and He does it then and there when they believe, I tell you there is no doubt afterwards. You need not go again for cleansing, because God has done it once for all. Now, my brother, would you believe that Jesus cleanses you now and believe He does it now, and thank Him for it? You cannot feel cleansed, but you can be cleansed by faith. B. V. "Cleansing their hearts by faith." Acts xv. 9. Say, "God says it, I believe it, I have it." Hallelujah!

The Territorial Secretary's Message

On Behalf of Headquarters' Staff to the Field Commissioner.

Esteemed and Beloved Commissioner:

It is my very pleasurable duty to here remind you that your Territorial Headquarters' Staff, composed of the General Secretary's Department, the Editorial, the Men's Shelter, the Women's Shelter, the Property and Accountants, the Trade, the Financial, the Training and Enquiry Departments, are solidly loyal to those principles and practices which under God have made the Salvation Army such an aggressive and successful force for the promotion of righteousness, peace, and joy, throughout the Territory, from Newfoundland and Bermuda in the East to Victoria and Dawson City in the West.

Your Headquarters' Staff would assure you, that they feel highly honored in being permitted to follow such Godly, humane, and proficient leaders as are represented in the characters of our revered General, William Booth, and his heroic daughter, the Field Commissioner.

We are in the hands of God at your disposal, at all times, by day or night, ready and eager to further prosecute this glorious work of bringing sunshine to the sorrowing, hope to the despairing, help to the helpless, and salvation to all.

Signed on behalf of the
Territorial Headquarters' Staff:

J. E. MARGETTS,
Territorial Secretary.

Our Troops are Still Advancing.

Reports of Battles Delayed on Account of Anniversary Gatherings—A Veteran Marched Nineteen Miles to Attend Last Sunday's Battle.

SEVEN DAYS' SYNOPSIS

OR,
The Week's News Digested for Busy People.

Probably owing to the absence of many of our men and soldiers who have attended the anniversary Congress, the reports sent in this week are very meagre in number.—Considering the small amount of corps news, the total of 109 souls is not bad.—Adjutant McCallum is undertaking to make a move in Fredericton. He hopes much from the series of special holiness meetings organized.—Salvation pedestrianism is again well represented this week. Father Rupert, of Sudbury, makes light of 19 miles to get to a Sunday's battle, while a Brockville correspondent tells us that Capt. Crego, who has lately fared well from that corps, used to put in 14 miles a day—we presume in visiting.—Montreal I. seems to be enjoying a measure of prosperity. A recent Sunday there registers \$11 collection, six souls saved, and Crys all sold out.—A model of Junior perseverance hailed from Twillville, where a small Harvest Festival collector went fourteen times to one man and received for his importunity the sum of five cents!

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Brigadier Sharp, Provincial Officer.
48 CORPS.

ST. JOHN'S II.—We are still having victory at No. 11. God is blessing us in our labor. Harvest Festival target smashed to pieces. We are going in by the grace of God for greater victories.—S. Morgan, for Capt. McLean.

TWILLINGATE.—We are having victory. 13 souls have been saved. H. F. is over. Our target was \$61, and after a hard battle we could about victory over the sum of \$62. The people deserve credit for the way they worked. One of our Juniors, after a run of fourteen times for five cents. God bless the Juniors, they did well for H. F. and will do better for S.D.—Ensign Cooper.

TILT COVE.—Although Ensign and Mrs. Gosling have gone around their District, we are having good times. Sunday was a blessed day, with Lieut. Look on the bridge. Some heavy shots were fired at the devil's ranks, and we captured two prisoners at night, making a total of six for the last two weeks. On Thursday night we had Capt. J. Jones from Little Bay Island. Soldiers turned out in fine style to greet the Captain.—L. Smart, R. C.

LITTLE BAY ISLAND.—Have just completed our Harvest Festival offer, which was a splendid success. Mrs. Jane Oxford, Sr., was the champion collector. Sec. Jones and Sergt. Rowley were equal. Aunt Merab Marshall comes next, and the other soldiers did well, and consequently, our target was knocked into smithereens. Ensign Gosling and wife have just paid a visit. An enrolment has taken place, and a War Cry Sergeant has been commissioned. Our meetings are enjoyable, and we are confident of soul-saving times.—Jim Jones, Capt.

EAST.

Major Pickering, Provincial Officer.
54 CORPS.

FREDERICTON, N. B.—During our three months' stay a few souls have sought pardon, and others renewed their vows. Our coming series of holiness meetings will all tell for good. Soldiers are full of anticipation for them.—J. McGillicuddy, Adj.

ANNAPOLIS.—The war for God is led by Ensign Ebbery. Lieuts. Kirk and Laws, who are resting, have given

a helping hand quite often. Good meetings all day Sunday. Bro. Whitman, who always has a word of cheer when the fight is hard, was with us and read the lesson at the holiness meeting. Every one got a lift heavenward.—M. R., R. C.

NORTH SYDNEY.—One soul at the penitential fourth Sunday night. Glorious annual meeting at Glace Bay last night. Three souls. Finances, \$40. Marce.

LUNenburg to the front. Tide turned in our favor. Since last report God has wonderfully blessed us. Last night two beautiful cases, man and wife, came forward and found Jesus to the joy of their hearts. Praying and believing for a revival.—Lieut. J. Peckham, for Capt. A. Richele.

ST. STEPHEN.—Capt. Laws has been with us nearly two weeks. Crowds steadily increasing. Soldiers getting nearer to God, and one counsored out. Soldiers meeting for a deeper work of grace in her heart, and, best of all, a wanderer at the penitential form sought for, and had restored to her, the joys of salvation.—Soldier.

PAGET WEST, Ber.—Naval and Military Leaguers have been with us twice last report. On Thursday we had a special meeting at Mrs. Seymour's private house, led by Bros. Paynter and Arden, at which three held up their hands for us to pray for them. On Sunday night a private meeting was held, led by the Leaguers, and as only three could attend (the others being kept away by duty) we had to get others to help us, but we had wonderful times. Bro. Stanley gave his own experience before being converted, and since, which was very interesting. After a prayer meeting and earnest pleading, one woman gave herself wholly to God, and we believe she is beautifully saved. We are praying for the people round Paget and Warwick.—W. C. J., Cor.

ST. JOHN III. still keeps an eye to business, and, being quick to obey our Master's command, we have been rewarded by seeing twenty precious souls converted since last report. Capt. McElleney has been opening up some new features in his work. Three miles from the city there is a Baptist Church and a Methodist Church, and both being very much handicapped by not having permanent ministers, the Captain grasped the opportunity, and with his Cadet and young humble servant went out and started the fire of the Holy Ghost among the congregations of the two churches. Great have been the results of these meetings, for the neighbors round about the village say that they have been convinced of their sins. Our Captain expects to reap some officers for the field as a result of this work. We had a grand united meeting on Monday night, and souls were saved. Another feature, which will be a financial benefit to the corps, is a change in the illumination of the barracks. Great large lamps have been placed in position, giving the light at less cost. We had a farewell meeting Sunday night, in which Sergt.-Major Chandler, of the Junior Soldiers, fared well from home and No. III, in which she has been a faithful worker for the Lord for five years. The Junior Soldiers feel the loss of their teacher very much, and showed their esteem for her by giving her a handsome Bible. As the soldiers are going to the mountains to look for the lost sheep, new recruits are coming in.—Cor. W. Marshall.

WEST ONTARIO.

Major Southall, Provincial Officer.
38 CORPS.

LEAMINGTON.—Saturday and Sunday welcome meetings to Capt. and Mrs. Huntington. Lively and spiritual meetings attended by increased crowds. The Captain followed up his music by a well-regulated and strong battery; and Mrs. Huntington, for the Lord, was a most useful teacher very much, and showed their esteem for her by giving her a handsome Bible. As the soldiers are going to the mountains to look for the lost sheep, new recruits are coming in.—Cor. W. Marshall.

sample was very good." Look for us again in two weeks.—Lewis E. McCall.

DRAYTON.—Things in general seem to be going up. Last report we had more prisoners captured and many more convicted. Bro. C. Hill, Methodist local preacher, gave us a red-hot salvation talk last Sunday night.—L. E. P., Capt.

HESPELER.—Capt. and Mrs. Stote, who have been stationed here for the last nine months, fared well on Sunday. The Captain and his dear wife have labored faithfully amongst us, and used all their time and talents for the Master's use. They have made many friends since coming to our town and been a blessing to us all.—B. B.

HAYFIELD.—After saying good-bye to Oshawa and all the comrades there, I found myself in the city for near a week in the midst of those blessed, soul-inspiring, courage and meeting, which far surpassed anything of the past, and now, after quite a journey on the train, and then waiting between four and five hours, and then by stage ten miles, I found myself in the little town of Bayfield, near Lake Huron's shores, where I found a few faithful soldiers. (Bless them.) Sunday, meetings were good. At night one sister came forward, and I believe will make a soldier. Look out for us, you might hear from us again.—W. White, Capt.

ST. THOMAS.—Capt. and Mrs. Keeler fared well last Sunday. Large crowds attended to hear them for the last time. A wet night, but the hall was crowded. Good, powerful meetings all day. Enrolment of soldiers at night. May God abundantly bless the efforts of Capt. and Mrs. Keeler in their new field of labor.—B. G.—Later.—Our new officers, Capt. Fell and Burrows, have arrived. They came in real good spirits. At the end of their first day's fighting here we saw two precious souls at the foot of the Cross. Both of these have been regular attendants at the meetings for years, and have long been under conviction.—B. G.

INGERSOLL.—The dear people who used to talk of the good old times we used to have, had a meeting after their own heart on Sunday afternoon. God's Spirit was present in power and acted on hearts, tongues and feet of the comrades. On the platform were some staunch friends, one a brother from Brantford, who is not afraid to let loose the shore lines. Prospects are bright; everything is looking up, and soon we believe the reaping time will come.—Minnie Kennedy.

EAST ONTARIO.

Major Hargrave, Provincial Officer.
45 CORPS.

BARRE, Vt.—It looked like old times to see three at the Mercy Seat. Ensign Walker has fared well and Ensign Sims has taken charge. Comrades, did you see that? Bro. Joseph, of St. John's, said that they meant to be the Banner Corps of the State? I wonder if he knows there is a corps in Barre all alive?—Zeechens.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt.—Ensign Hill was with us on Sunday and led the Sunday school. Bro. Joseph, of St. John's, also Sunday night Ensign had the meeting to herself. Mrs. Smith acted as Lieutenant. Two raised their hands desiring our prayers. Sunday night best attendance for eight weeks—176. Collection \$2.75; also Sunday afternoon 15 in open-air.—E. E. J.

MONTREAL I.—Sunday was a day of victory. We had with us Captain Baird for two meetings. Ensign Yerec was also with us for the afternoon. Four came forward at night, one in the afternoon, and one at the holiness meeting, making six for the day. War Cry, were all sold out, and eleven dollars to smile at. We give God all the glory.—Lieut. M. Langford, for Lieut. T. Brooks.

BROCKVILLE.—Capt. Crego has fared well. She was here only a short time, but she made good use of it. She would get up at six o'clock in the morning and walk 14 miles, getting back in time for mass at night. With her go-ahead, never-give-up spirit she was a blessing to all who met her.—Ida Maud Fulford, Corps Cadet.

PACIFIC.

Brigadier Howell, Provincial Officer.
28 CORPS.

MISSOULA.—We are still fighting for the upbuilding of God's Kingdom and our labors are being blessed. One backslider reclaimed since last report.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

KAMLOOPS.—We now have with us Lieut. Nesbitt, a faithful young officer of one year's experience. The soldiers were never in better fighting spirit than at present. We have good street meetings and souls are being saved in great numbers and urged to decide now for Christ. We are praying and working for a big revival this winter, the biggest Kamloops has ever known.

NORTH-WEST.

Major McMillan, Provincial Officer.
31 CORPS.

FORT WILLIAM.—We would like to report scores of souls saved, but just now we cannot. However, "all things are possible to him that believeth." Yesterday was a fierce fight. God was with us, and His Spirit working, though none would yield. Lord manifest Thy saving power.—Livingstone and Forsberg, C. O's.

RAT PORTAGE.—Saturday evening Ensign Ottaway gave a lantern service. Meetings led on Sunday by the Ensign. Three souls saved at night. Monday service of song with Ensign's prophesies. We weather hindered the crowds coming. Thursday night Capt. and Mrs. Herringshaw led the meeting, which was followed by a pie-social. Five souls have been saved during past week.—M. E. H.

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

Brigadier Easkin, Provincial Officer.
45 CORPS.

SUDBURY.—The war still goes on, and souls are getting washed in the Cleansing Fountain. Sunday was a good day. Father Rupert walked 19 miles to be with us for Sunday. We were all happy to see him. Our officers, Capt. Stephens and Lieut. McLennan, have gone to Toronto, to the big meetings. We pray that God will bless them there.

PARRY SOUND.—Since last heard from we have had two backsliders return to God. Capt. and Mrs. Hanna fared well on Sunday. God bless them and be their stay in their new appointment. The fighting here is tough, but it takes tough fighting to make good soldiers.—H. T. R. C.

LISGAR ST.—Big times at Lisgar St. lately. Staff-Capt. Adams, former States, brought a never-to-be-forgotten time. Souls were saved. Last Sunday we had the closing of the 17th Anniversary. We had Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs and all the Provincial Officers, Staff Band, and lots of others, too numerous to mention. An old-fashioned time, and 15 souls were saved. This was the final farewell of Adj. and Mrs. Fox. God bless them in their new field of labor.—Sergt. Mrs. Stickels.

RIVERSIDE.—Doing business for eternity on the knowledge and experience of a day, night three out for salvation. Captain White and your humble servant holding the fort.—N. R. Trickey, Lieut.

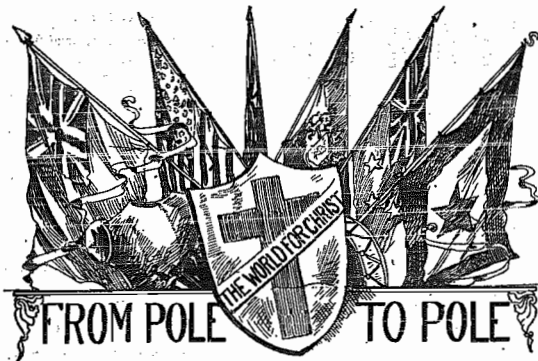
IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING:
PANTHERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCES, &c.
LEGACIES?

DO YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR:
CREDITORS, &c.
MORTGAGEES?
IF SO, the Commission is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a City legal officer.
Address your letter (marked "Confidential") to Major A. Henderson, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, and small fee to cover expenses, will be charged.

HERE AND THERE.



THE BRITISH ISLES.

The General conducted four hard-fought struggles at Luton. Forty-five surrendered.

The Chief of the Staff is, leading an All-Night-of-Prayer at the Islington Citadel.

The latest news re Staff changes on the British Field—Colonel Rothwell, of Western Province, to be Secretary of Young People's and Junior Work at the Home Office. Colonel Hodder, to Glasgow. Brigadier Otway to South Midland Province. Brigadier Jeffries to Wales. Lieut-Colonel Lindsay to North-East Province. Brigadier Rees to Western Province.

There are possibilities of Mrs. Brannwell Booth conducting meetings in the near future at Derby, Blackfriars, Norwich, and Brighton.

Major Biggs, of Manchester, Staff-Capt. Simco, of Brighton, Adj. Zealley, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Adj. Collins, of Plymouth, are farewelling for new appointments. These four comrades belong to the District Financial Staff.

Brigadier and Mrs. Bennett, late of Canada, have just welcomed to Derby Divisional Headquarters a fine baby-girl.

UNITED STATES.

The Commander's second special holiness meeting was splendid. Thirteen were at the Cross.

Returns for H. F. are in from 214 corps. Their targets were \$9,132. They have raised \$15,560.

Joe the Turk took a trip to Turkey to see his folks, was arrested and put in prison. He was, however, liberated and is back to the land of the Stars and Stripes again.

Adj. and Mrs. Crawford have farewelled from Indianapolis and gone to Salt Lake City. These are old Canadian comrades.

FRANCE and SWITZERLAND

The whole Territory is getting ready for the great Self-Denial struggle of 1909.

Both rank and file in the two sister-republics are looking forward with immense joy to the forthcoming visit of their beloved General.

Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, together with the new Chief Secretary and his wife, are away stirring up the different French Divisions, and holding officers' councils at Lyons, Nimces, etc.

The German-Swiss Province, which can boast of no less than one hundred Posts and Outposts, with a total of 2,400 soldiers and 138 officers, is sub-divided, like the rest of the Provinces which go to make up the Franco-Swiss Territory, into two Divisions, in the hands of Staff-

Captains Dessaulles and Marki, seconded by their indefatigable wives, their P. O. being the well-known Brigadier Hartman.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Adj. Ferreira, who is touring the Orange Free State with a few comrades, gives the following interesting item: "During our two months' tour we visited from 12 to 15 villages; travelled 500 miles, conducted one or two meetings a day, saw 60 men and women coming to the Saviour, and a number of Christians seeking sanctification. We slept most of the nights on hard flooring boards, or out in the veldt (which is no joke in the cold winter nights), with the exception of a few of the villages, where we were able to obtain good lodgings. Our food generally was corned beef, bread and tea but through all this we enjoyed our trip, and to-day feel ourselves nearer to the Master, and love Him more than ever. At one new village our arrival caused quite a sensation, for we no sooner got into the town when someone, spotting us with our red gurnseys on, raised the cry at once that two English soldiers ("moo-bantries") were in town spying out the country. This rumour went from door to door and street to street, and very soon spread like wild fire. The little village was very soon in a heat of excitement, but the point had still to be reached, for no sooner was the beating of our drum heard than there was a mad rush of men, women and children, and in less than a few minutes we were surrounded by a tremendous crowd. But we soon succeeded in cooling down their fears, telling them the beating of the drum was neither the roar of the cannon nor were we killing soldiers, but were only Salvationists, trying to do them good, wearing red gurnseys to the honor and glory of God.

Our Rescue Annual in the Metropolitan Hall, Cape Town, went off well under the chairmanship of the Rev. Ezra Nuttall. Mr. Kuhn, M.L.A., eulogised the Army's efforts, and Mrs. Commissioner Ridsdel gave a stirring address on the past year's work.

The Officers' council and demonstration held at Kingston, Jamaica; and led by Commissioner Raitton, created so much interest that the meetings at the Town Hall were continued three days longer than they were intended. During the nine or ten days of the demonstration, 130 souls sought salvation, and the converts are coming to the front and testifying in the open-air.

Commissioner Raitton is holding on in Barbados. Staff-Capt. Widgery having been transferred to the United States.

The new Naval and Military Home at Yokohama, Japan, has been besieged by hundreds of British and foreign naval sailors lately, under the management of Adjutant and Mrs. Ellis, the Home is a grand success, and its homelike comforts are much appreciated by soldiers and sailors of the Queen.

South America.

Something About the Argentine and Uruguay Republics and the Salvation Army.

ARGENTINA.

By STAFF-CAPT. W. BONNETT.

The Argentine is the second largest of the ten republics which form the South American Continent, and viewing it from a commercial standpoint, it is the most prosperous. It covers more territory than all of the United States east of the Mississippi, and has a population of over four million souls. The country is yearly growing in importance, and the statistics published in 1898 show that the exports and imports brought in a revenue of thirty million dollars more than the preceding year. The excess of exports over imports in the same year amounted to thirty-two million dollars. The territory is divided up into eighteen States, all of which have their separate governments.

Buenos Ayres is the capital of the Argentine, and the seat of the Federal Government. It has a population of between 700,000 and 800,000 inhabitants. The city was founded in June, 1550, by Juan de Garay, who marched with sixty volunteers from Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay. General Mendoza, forty-five years previously, landed some troops and made an attempt to establish a city, but was finally driven out by the Indians. He found the climate so balmy and the air so pure, that he called his own town of lute, as it was then, Buenos Ayres—good air—and when Garay succeeded, he called it by the same name. Hence the origin of its present name.

A great portion of the land is low and flat, with rich soil admirably suited for cattle and sheep rearing; also corn growing. There are no trees, consequently in order to sow it with corn it only requires ploughing over and it is

ready. Grapes are grown extensively in the Provinces of San Juan and Mendoza, and sugar in Tucuman. These Provinces are much higher and drier than the rest of the country, and it very rarely rains, so the land has to be watered by irrigation. The paper dollar used in the Argentine is worth about forty-two cents of the United States money, that is, at the present time, but next week it may be worth much more or considerably less, as there is no fixed ratio, and the gold premium is ruled by the money market every day. In 1893 it was only worth twenty cents.

URUGUAY

is the smallest and richest country south of the equator. It lies at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, just across the way from the Argentine Republic, and at the east corner of Brazil. It is about the size of North Dakota, and has a population not exceeding 550,000; about twelve to the square mile. Topographically it differs very much from the Argentine. The country is covered with small hills, and none more than 2,000 feet high, the greater part of which is made up of rich pasture. It is well watered. There are plenty of rivers and streams, and but very few swamps. The climate is such that the grass is green all the year round and there are millions of cattle, sheep and horses kept. In addition to the rivers which run through the country, it is almost surrounded with water.

The Healthiest City.

The cities are not very large in Uruguay. There are only about four with a population more than 12,000 people. Montevideo is the capital of Uruguay, and it is considered the healthiest and cleanest city on the continent. Built upon the tongue of the Rio de la Plata, the streets all drain into the river, and every time it rains the city gets a washing. There is no chance for stagnant pools. The houses are better built than the other American cities. They are made of stone, quarried near by, and are in architecture very much like the cities of Europe.

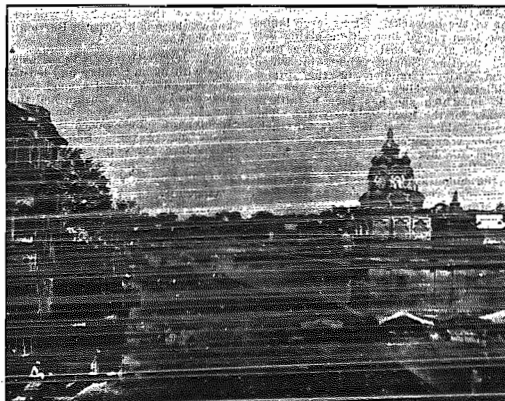
The money in Uruguay is quite different from that of Argentina—much more satisfactory; it is on a solid gold basis, and for an English pound you get \$4.70, and for a North American dollar only 96 cents.

The State religion of both the Argentine and Uruguay is Roman Catholic, but Protestants are well treated and protected in every way by the authorities. The spiritual condition of the people, I regret to say, is at a very low ebb, and the American Society for the Redemption of the neglected continent. There are less evangelist workers than in any other part of the world. True, lately a little interest has been manifested in South America, and some preachers have come from the United States and England, but, comparatively speaking, they are only like a drop in the ocean.

How Our Work Progresses.

The Salvation Army of work was commenced on the 1st of January, 1890, and it has been steadily on the increase ever since. It now stands on a better footing, has more soldiers and adherents than ever before. It is also better understood by the public generally. The press, without one exception, is always ready to speak in our favor. We now have twenty corps and outposts, forty-two officers, two night shelters and two labor bureaus. More than half of the officers have been raised in the country, and the rest have been sent out from Europe and the United States. Last year, in the night shelters, 43,505 men were supplied to the poor people, and 24,245 beds occupied by persons who would in all probability have been in the street had it not been for our shelters. The majority paid a nominal sum for admission, and the rest were free.

Three thousand and ninety-two dollars and ninety-one cents were raised for Self-Denial this year—nearly \$500 more than any previous effort. Up to the present we have not been able to extend our borders outside of the Argentine and the Uruguay Republics, and there still are several towns in these two Republics which could be opened if we only had the money and officers, without saying anything about all the other countries which are not yet touched. Judicious men in the United States are taking a deep interest in the Argentine Republic, and there may be some who would like to do something for its spiritual needs, and any money given to our work would be well spent. I must say with due respect to other workers, there is no organization that will do more for the salvation of the forty millions of South America than the Salvation Army.



NASSIOK, INDIA

One of the Most Sacred Hindoo Towns, with 1,300 Families of Brahmins.

The South African War

Events of the day are directing everybody's eyes on South Africa, where British and Boers are engaged in deadly combat. It will, therefore, be desirable to give some detailed description of the countries involved in the war, and the causes that led up to it.

The Cape of Good Hope was discovered first by Bartholomew Diaz, the Portuguese navigator, in 1486. The King of Portugal gave the cape its present name, because its discovery gave promise of a new and easier way to East India, the great object of all maritime expeditions of that age. The Portuguese were attracted by the riches of East India, and did not care for the possession of the unpromising cape. The practical Dutch, however, who, on the decline of the Portuguese power, established themselves in the East, saw the importance of the Cape of Good Hope as a station where their vessels could take in water and provisions. In 1652 the Dutch East India Co. sent a small party of Colonists there to form a settlement. The country was then inhabited by the Hottentots.

In 1795 the colonists became revolutionary and attempted to throw off the Dutch yoke. The British sent a fleet to the support of the Prince of Orange, and took possession in his name, ruling by British Governors until 1802, when it was restored to Holland. In 1806, on the renewal of war, the British again possessed it, and it was finally ceded by the King of the Netherlands, in 1815, to Great Britain on payment of a consideration.

Cape Colony.

The Cape Colony originally was situated only immediately near the Cape of Good Hope, but gradually encroached upon the country to the north. In 1805 Kaffraria was added; in 1871 Basutoland, and later on other small parts, Griqualand West, better known as the South African Diamond District, was also annexed in 1871. In it is situated Kimberley, the centre of the Diamond Mining industry. One of the largest diamonds found here weighed 83 karats, and was sold at \$55,000. Larger ones have been found since, one as heavy as 200 karats. The colony is governed by Parliament, and the Queen is represented by a Governor.

Natal.

Natal is a British Colony to the East of Cape Colony. It has some valuable coal mines. The Colony was annexed in 1845, and is administered by a Lieutenant-Governor, under the control of the Governor of Cape Colony. It has a Legislative Council of 30 members. The natives, mostly refugees from Zululand, form by far the majority of the population.

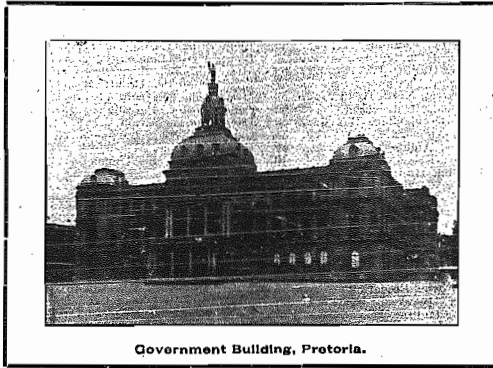
Zululand.

This territory lies immediately to the north of Natal, and has a coast line of about 150 miles. The Zulus are a powerful nation, which is a great fighting race behind it. The present population can hardly be estimated, but it is said the Zulu army contains 23 regiments of 40,400 men in all. The Zulus came first into contact with the white race about 1780, when trading was established with the Portuguese merchants. In 1826 the King of the Zulus granted a portion of the present Natal Colony to Lieut. Ferebee, an English naval officer. In 1873 the Zulu nation appealed to the Natal Government to preside over the installation of Cetshwayo as King, and this request was acceded to.

The Transvaal Boers, in the meantime, had encroached upon Zululand, which exposed the British Government to urgent action on the subject of the Zulus. The Boers consented to settle the boundary question by arbitration, and a commission of three British officers pronounced a decision in June 1878, mainly in favor of the Zulus. The British invasion of the Zululand took place in 1879 and the King captured and conveyed to Cape Town. The Zulu country was partitioned out among thirteen chiefs. This arrangement was not satisfactory and in 1882 the British Government resolved to restore Cetshwayo to power. They followed considerable fighting, which ended by a re-division of Zululand, the eastern part being added to the Transvaal.

The South African Republic and the Orange Free State.

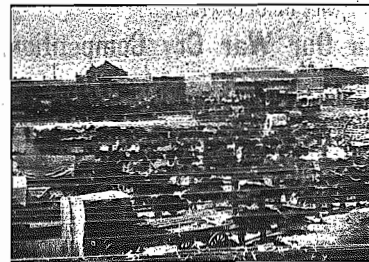
The South African Republic, or Transvaal, is of comparatively recent origin. Its history begins with the "Great Trek," or



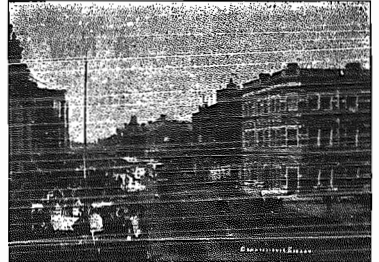
Government Building, Pretoria.

general exodus of the Cape Colony Boers (Boer is the Dutch name for farmer) who were dissatisfied with the British policy, and, therefore, removed northward in large numbers between 1833 and 1837. In 1839 some thousands had crossed the river Vaal, and so reached the "Transvaal" country, then mostly under the rule of a powerful Zulu Chief. To avenge the massacre of some emigrant hands, the Boers attacked and utterly defeated the Zulu Chief in 1837. The next year the latter retired to the north of the Limpopo (which now forms the northern boundary of Transvaal),

Sir Shepstone. The action of the Gladstone Government, which restored internal independence to the Transvaal, served to mollify this hatred, and there has been comparatively little friction between the two peoples until the fabulous discoveries of gold at the Rand, followed by the mushroom growth of Johannesburg. The foreign population, especially the English-speaking portion of it, increased rapidly until they almost outnumbered the Boers. The Boers were suspicious of the outsiders desiring to oust them out of the country, to which they had retired to



Morning Market, Johannesburg.



Commissioner Street, Johannesburg.

leaving the country in the hands of the Boers. Their position was very insecure, however, as another Zulu Chief, Dingana, attacked the Boers from the east and killed many, the climax being the slaughter of 800 trekboers in 1838. At this juncture the emigrants were saved by Andries Pretorius, who checked Dingana, and in January, 1840 defeated the Zulus entirely. Dingana was soon murdered and Natal proclaimed a Boer republic, but the British occupation of that territory in 1843 induced the Boers to retire across the Drakensberg Mountains to the present Orange Free State, the northern hand passed again into the Transvaal. After much confusion, that country, by the British Government signing the Sand River convention in January, 1852, was virtually declared as politically independent.

In 1867 diamonds and gold were discovered, and caused a great influx of a foreign population, and in 1870 Sir Theophilus Shepstone issued a proclamation annexing the Transvaal and appointing a British administrator. This arbitrary action gave rise to the most troublesome war England had on her hands for years, ending in the defeat of the British troops on Majuba Hill. In 1881 the English Government restored the republic under the nominal suzerainty of the Queen. Enormous gold finds have been made since then and thousands of "Uitlanders" (outsiders) have streamed into the Transvaal, which is exceptionally rich in minerals, including gold, silver, diamonds, iron, copper, lead, cobalt, sulphur, saltpetre and coal.

The Disturbing Factors

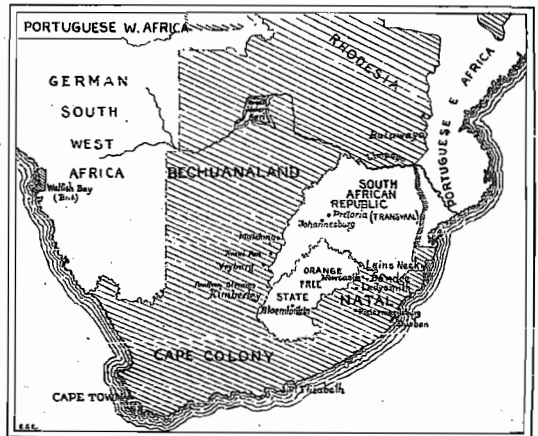
We do not desire to enter into politics and take side, but we will briefly state the causes that brought about the present disturbances.

The Boers' antipathy to the British rule which occasioned their exodus from Cape Colony was fanned into a strong hatred by the arbitrary proclamation of

oned residence in the country, and no vote until citizenship had been gained. In 1896 Capt. Jameson, with a police force of the British South Africa Chartered Company, unexpectedly made a raid into the Transvaal with a view to forcing a change of policy, or government, but was defeated by the Boers, who "got wind" of the affair and captured the venturesome leader, who was brought to England and placed before a court there for invading a friendly country. This again increased the Boers' suspicion.

In 1898 a petition was sent to the Queen by British subjects residing in the Transvaal imploring aid to secure a better franchise law—education in Dutch and English in the public schools, and several other demands. The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Chamberlain, arranged for a meeting between President Kruger, of the Transvaal, and Sir Alfred Milner, the British Commissioner for South Africa to discuss the complaints of the Uitlanders, and, if possible, come to an agreement. This meeting proved unsuccessful. Direct negotiations were continued between the two Governments, and lengthened into a seemingly interminable exchange of correspondence, demands, proposals, withdrawals and threats. In the meantime both Governments had also continued fortifying themselves. The Transvaal bought great stores of ammunition and England strengthened her forces in South Africa. Finally all endeavors to settle the difference by peaceful means were cut short by the ultimatum sent by President Kruger demanding among other items that the increase of British troops in South Africa should at once cease, otherwise a non-compliance would be considered equal to a declaration of war.

Promptly at the time stated in the ultimatum, all communications between the two Governments ceased; telegraph wires were cut, and armed forces were sent to the frontier. That the end of the war will be a British victory cannot be doubted. But how many promising lives must be sacrificed; how many men now in possession of health and vigor must be crippled; what a price should at once cease, otherwise a non-compliance would be considered equal to a declaration of war.



MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA.
The Shaded Portion is under British Government.

HUSTLERS' RENDEZVOUS.

WHERE ARE WE AT?

Queries Ernest Enterprise.

The special and thrilling announcement that was to come off this week has come off. See the two-column "special" herewith.

I think that, under the circumstances, this will be the fairest to all concerned. If any of my readers can suggest a better competition I shall be delighted to hear from them.

The three Ontario Provinces, as I think all will agree, are "much of a muchness." True, Arab, of West Ontario, has shown his heels to Nigger and Mag for a considerable length of time, but we have all heard the rumors from Toronto and Montreal, and it is my solemn opinion that we shall see something new from these quarters.

Of course, the most startling piece of news is the pitting of Major Pickering's Province and troops against the Provinces outside of Ontario. That contains food for thought, I quite admit. It also contains a hint for the Western Provinces and Newfoundland to hustle, for it is my very firm conviction, after seeing Major Pickering, that the Eastern Province means to hold the lead against all comers.

On the whole I think the new competition will be fair to all, and may the best man win every time. "Impossible," must never escape your lips. Eye, eye, sir, must be your watchword.

Major Pickering has again shown his superior powers, though Major Southall's last W. O. P. effort is a brilliant one. Arab dies hard!

I find it impossible to comment on the following letter. You must make your own. All I can say is, "God bless John Murchison!"

Markdale, Oct. 9th, 1899.

War has been declared in the village of Markdale by a Salvation Army War Cry boom, who is determined to boot him who is getting cold in his soul, away from an Army corps, to order a bundle of War Crys from Headquarters, and sell them. Sure sure for dummies. Jesus has warned Church blues, Woodstock out boot him the Cry Saturday night. This is my first report from Markdale.—From one who is trying to fill a small corner in the Master's vineyard, John Murchison.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

116 Hustlers.

Capt. Martin, Charlottetown	202
Capt. Brehaut, St. George's	150
Capt. Ebera Fraser, Moncton	140
P. S. M. Flood, Hamilton, Ber.	140
Sergt. Veinot, Halifax II.	123
Adj. Dyers, New Glasgow	110
Sergt. E. White, Campbellton	110
Jones Kelly, St. George's	100
Capt. Bell, Hamilton, Ber.	100
Mrs. Ensign Orlenton, Windsor	100
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor	100
Ensign Parsons, Yarmouth	90
Cadet Murchough, St. John I.	83
Lieut. Winchester, St. Stephen	80
Ensign Larder, Glace Bay	80
Lieut. Ebbary, Carleton	80
Lieut. Meikle, Newmarket	75
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax I.	71
Capt. Piercey, Sydney	70
Sergt. Virgil, Southampton	70
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	70
Cadet Cameron, St. John I.	69
Capt. Pittman, Westville	66
Capt. Lamont, Halifax I.	64
Lieut. Winchester, St. Stephen	63
Capt. Laws, St. Stephen	62
Capt. C. Allen, Kentville	62
Father Armstrong, St. John III.	62
Capt. McEachern, St. John II.	60
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown	60

Sergt. Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown	60
Lieut. Martin, Somerset, Ber.	60
Capt. Goodwin, Calais	55
Blanche Lorry, Chatham	55
Lieut. Wyatt, Hampton	55
Sergt. Fisher, Halifax I.	53
Ensign Wright, Chatham	53
Lieut. Armstrong, North Head	53
Lieut. Harbord, Bridgewater	50
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Capt. Tilley, Amherst	50
Lieut. Lebas, Amherst	50
Annie Ramey, Bridgewater	46
Sergt. Adm. McGillivray, Fredericton	42
Lieut. Taylor, Halifax II.	42
Helen Ramey, Bridgewater	42
Lieut. Pemberton, St. John II.	41
Ensign Fraser, Moncton	40
Capt. Davis, Dartmouth	40
Capt. C. Sabine, Summerside	40
Sister Rachel, Summerside	40
P. S. M. Chase, Fredericton	38
Cand. Ada Rowe, Fredericton	36
Sergt. Place, Hamilton, Ber.	35
Lottie Smith, Halifax I.	35
Mrs. Ensign Fraser, Glace Bay	35
Capt. J. Green, Pictou	35
Bertha Saunders, Yarmouth	35
Capt. Perry, North Sydney	35
Sergt. Adm. McGillivray, Fredericton	35
Maud Wilson, Halifax I.	34
Tressa, Casbin, Halifax I.	33
Sergt. Pike, North Sydney	32
Gussie Dane, Fredericton	32
Lieut. Lenzie, Stellarton	30

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

112 Hustlers.

Lieut. Ringler, Windsor	163
Lieut. Pyfe, London	140
Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock	135
Lieut. Kueckle, Brantford	123
Mrs. Rock, Chatham	130
Lieut. Foster, Petrolia	105
Lieut. Smith, Sarnia	80
Capt. Hancock, Guelph	77
Ensign Gamble, Woodstock	77
Mrs. Dickson, St. Thomas	75
Mrs. Matthews, St. Thomas	75
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	75
Capt. Burrows, Chatham	75
Sergt. Yeomans, Chatham	75
Capt. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	73
Mrs. S. Scott, Guelph	73
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Clinton	69
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	68
Ensign McLeod, Galt	68
Lieut. Munford, Woodstock	64
Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, London	63
Lieut. Crawford, Goderich	60
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	60
Capt. Stitzer, Dresden	60
Mrs. McGuinn, Blenheim	55
Capt. Gibson, Goderich	55
Lieut. Crawford, Goderich	55
Capt. Cox, Sarnia	55
Sister F. Erb, Berlin	51
Mrs. Wakefield, Forest	50
Lieut. Maisey, Wingham	50
Capt. Slote, Hespeler	50

Mrs. Laird, Essex	51
Ensign McKenzie, Clinton	51
Lieut. Hart, Simcoe	51
Sister Schuster, Berlin	51
Lieut. Winters, Listowel	51
Sister May, Drayton	51
Sister May, Windsor	51
Edna Quick, Strathroy	51
Capt. Huntingdon, Leamington	51
Capt. Bouey, Forest	51
Adj. Blackburn, Windsor	51
Bro. Schuster, Wrentham	51
Prof. Cooper, Clinton	51
Mrs. Cattius, Essex	51
Capt. Copeman, Watford	51
May Christler, London	51
Lieut. Frank, London	51
Bro. Graham, London	51
Sergt. Mrs. Harvey, London	51
Sec. McDonald, Wingham	51
Mrs. Hockins, St. Thomas	51
Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll	51
Capt. Brant, Ingersoll	51
Maynays, Paris	51
Corps Cadet Crawford, Paris	51
May Ryckman, Norwich	51
Sister H. Erb, Berlin	51
Sister Butler, Tilsburg	51
Sister Smith, Tilsburg	51

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

64 Hustlers.

J. S. M. Fraser, Passmore, Hamilton	1106
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound	65
Lieut. Howcroft, Owen Sound	65
Ensign Williams, St. Catharines	63
Capt. Rennie, Orillia	60
Capt. Edwards, Bowmanville	60
Treas. Killingsbeck, Lindsay	55
Bro. Boyer, Bracebridge	50
Adj. Wiggins, Lindsay	50
Sergt. Matheson, Lippincott	50
Capt. Hanson, Perry Sound	50
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	44
Capt. Poole, Dovercourt	40
Mrs. Ensign Wynne, Newmarket	40
Lieut. Edwards, Faversham	40
Sister Dyer, Barrie	37
Capt. M. Lett, Ormeau	35
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville	35
Lieut. Trickey, Hamilton I.	35
Mother Gilbert, Bowmanville	35
P. S. M. Beall, St. Catharines	33
Capt. Gamble, Dundas	31
Capt. Rogers, Dundas	31
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	31
Sister Lighthouse, Hamilton I.	30
Lieut. Wadge, Yorkville	30
Capt. A. Sherwin, Huntsville	30
Lieut. Bone, Huntsville	30
Cadet Thompson, Lippincott	30
Cadet Peacock, Lippincott	25
Capt. McCann, Oshawa	29
Lieut. Parker, Oshawa	29
Bro. Goodin, Farm	28
Sergt. Howell, Riversdale	25
Lieut. Trickey, Riversdale	25
Sister Taylor, Hamilton II.	25
Sister T. Gee, Hamilton II.	25
Lieut. E. Pattenden, Huntsville	25
Capt. Patterson, Huntsville	25
Sister E. Price, Dovercourt	25
Uncle George Stanton, Hamilton I.	25
Cadet Crosier, Lippincott	25
Cadet Reynolds, Lippincott	25
Cadet McEwan, Lippincott	25
Cadet Malin, Lippincott	25
S. M. Courtemanche, Norland	22
Sergt. Mrs. Brown, Huntsville	21
Father Curry, Hamilton II.	21
Capt. White, Riversdale	21
Sister Rich, Lippincott	21
Sergt. Hunter, Newmarket	21
Ensign Smith, Bowmanville	21
Capt. Clink, Hamilton II.	20
Lieut. Bond, Hamilton II.	20
Cadet Lamb, Lippincott	20
Sister Mrs. Porter, Hamilton	20
Sister Maude Wessler, Hamilton I.	20
Capt. Culbert, North Bay	20
Capt. Meeks, Brooklin	20
Sister Mrs. Hewitt, Owen Sound	20
Capt. Clark, Mary, Bridge	20
Cand. Stundek, Bracebridge	20
Sister Capt. Hanna, Perry Sound	20
Mrs. Lizzie Richards, St. Catharines	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

33 Hustlers.

Sister Smith, Rossland	175
Adj. Gale, Butte	161
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Anaconda	160
Cadet Johnson, Spokane	150
Mrs. Adj. Hays, Billings	150
Capt. Barton, Butte	150
Adj. Wadsworth, Nelson	101
Capt. Jack, Jackson, Livingston	80
Lieut. M. Ziebart, New Whetcom	80
Capt. Mrs. Hooker, Trail	75
Sister Lena Forsberg, Butte	70
Capt. Bertram, Butte	70
Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Revelstoke	60
Lieut. Long, Dillon	55
Lieut. Nesbitt, Kamloops	54
Lieut. Lloyd, Helena	50
Capt. Adj. Ayre, Spokane	46
Bro. J. B. Rossland	46
Capt. Walruth, Helena	45
Sister Walander, Rossland	45
Capt. Miller, Bozeman	41
Lieut. Fentle, Bozeman	37

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

* Next Week's Issue *

WILL INAUGURATE

A New Era in Our War Cry Competition.

The Three Ontario Provinces will be Listed Together.

The Eastern Province will Challenge the Two Western Provinces, the Klondike, and Newfoundland.

WATCH THE "CRY" FOR STARTLING RESULTS!

Lieut. Cowan, Calais	30
Sergt. Anderson, Somerset	30
Sadie Doughty, London	30
Sister Jones, St. John III.	30
Alma Tratten, Fairville	30
Sergt. Mrs. Pettis, New Glasgow	30
Mrs. Finnamore, Woodstock	30
Capt. Sauter, Hamilton, Ber.	30
Sergt. Wade, Hamilton, Ber.	30
Sergt. Salters, Hamilton, Ber.	30
Mrs. Ming, Hamilton, Ber.	30
Bessie Musgrave, North Sydney	28
Lieut. Leys, Stellarton	27
Mrs. Vine, Fredericton	27
Mrs. W. Lyons, Fredericton	27
Cadet Tatem, St. John V.	27
Capt. Doyle Sydney Mines	27
Lieut. Mowbray, Sussex	27
Capt. Campbell, St. John V.	27
Panny Adams, St. John V.	25
Tilly Knitting, North Sydney	25
Capt. Moore, Bridgewater	25
Lieut. Hawbold, Bridgewater	25
Capt. Miller, Sarnia	25
Lieut. Tru, Sackville	25
Mother England, Chatham	25
Sergt. A. Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	25
Sergt. Dunkley, Hamilton, Ber.	25
George Grant, Somerset	25
Capt. McElhenny, St. John III.	25
Carrie Durdan, Fairville	25
Sergt. M. Aldrich, New Glasgow	25
Sergt. Mrs. Matheson, New Glasgow	25
Cadet Jones, St. John I.	24
Cadet Urquhart, St. John V.	23
Sergt. Lodge, Hamilton, Ber.	23
Sister E. Moore, Annapolis	22
Lieut. Brown, Hillsboro	22
Capt. Fancey, Hillsboro	22
Capt. M. McKenzie, New Glasgow	22
Mrs. S. Beatty, Fredericton	20
Cand. L. Lebas, Fredericton	20
Sergt. Susie Holden, Windsor	20
Sister White, Carleton	20
Mrs. McDowd, Dartmouth	20
Capt. Broadbent, Halifax I.	20
Mrs. M. Forward, Pictou	20
Mrs. Jeffreys, Yarmouth	20
S. M. Chandler, St. John II.	20
Cadet McWilliams, St. John III.	20
Sister Burrell, Bear River	20
Capt. McDonald, Bothwell	50
Mrs. Ensign McLeod, Galt	50
Sister J. Wholes, Leamington	50
Sergt.-Major Dealing, Hespeler	50
Sister E. Smith, Guelph	46
Lieut. Coz, Tilsburg	44
Sister Benn, Petrolia	41
Sister Rees, Norwich	41
Mrs. Adjt. McEgan, Brantford	41
Sergt.-Major Virtue, Windsor	40
Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg	40
Ensign Crawford, Dresden	40
Capt. Rees, Norwich	40
Lieut. Yeomans, Tilsburg	40
Capt. Hollett, Tilsburg	40
Lieut. Harman, Seaford	40
Lieut. Stickels, Berlin	38
Sister Melton, Strathroy	37
Capt. Greco, Bayford	37
Lieut. Beech, Ingersoll	35
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Essex	35
Gertie Cheeseman, London	34
Sister McQueen, London	34
Capt. Thomson, Guelph	33
Mrs. Closs, Brantford	32
Sister O'Donnell, Galt	31
Capt. Carr, Wyoming	31
Lieut. Hockin, Norwich	30
Capt. Green, Strathroy	30
Capt. Jarvis, Theodora	30
Mrs. Anderson, Watford	30
Capt. Fell, Wallaceburg	30
Sergt. Palmer, London	30
Sister Durant, Galt	30
Capt. Howcroft, Berlin	30
Sergt.-Major Ross, Hespeler	30
Capt. Pryn, Drayton	30
Ensign Hoddinott, Listowel	30
Chris. Jacklin, London	30
Mrs. Burr, London	27
Sister Quick, Strathroy	27
Treas. Crow Wallaceburg	27
Mrs. Harris, London	27
Capt. Mathers, Ridgeway	26
Adj. McAmmond, London	26
Capt. Broadbent, Guelphville	25
Mrs. Graham, Thamesville	25
Bro. Benn, Wallaceburg	25
Mrs. Donnelly, Palmerston	25
Capt. Dowell, Blenheim	25
Sec. Gifford, Simcoe	25



O, Thou God!

Tunes.—Guide me, Great Jehovah (B.J. 121, 1); Calcutta (B. J. 29, 9); Helmsley (B.J. 147, 2); Take salvation (B.B. 18); He is bringing to His fold (B.J. 95, 2); Austria (B.J. 103, 1).

1 O Thou God of every nation,
We now for Thy blessing call;
Fit us for full consecration,
Let the Fire of Heaven fall:
Bless our Army!
With Thy power baptize us all.

Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit,
Make our soldiers white as snow;
Save the world through Jesu's merit,
Satan's kingdom overthrow!
Bless our Army!
Send us w^h ought to go!

Salvation its colors shall wear;
Salvation all nations shall hear;
Salvation to Glory will save,
When salvation crowns we shall wear!
Colonel Lawley.

A Clear Title.

Tune.—B. J. 78.

4 Now I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll say good-bye to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Chorus.

So we'll all stand the storm, etc.
Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Bold I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Though cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
I'll only test my courage some,
Press on through them all.

In heaven I'll bathe my happy soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And hear the songs of victory roll
From every comrade's breast.

The Open Fountain.

Tune.—Wonderful words of life.

5 Come, despiser of Heav'n and God,
There is a Cleansing Stream;
Fully purchased thro' Jesu's Blood,
Wonderful Cleansing Stream!

Chorus.

Reconciliation, boundless, full salvation,
Wonderful Stream! Beautiful Stream!
Wonderful Cleansing Stream!

Come, backslider, from God stray,
There is a Cleansing stream!
"Come!" the Spirit and Bride do say,
There is a Cleansing stream!

If you're willing to give up sin,
There is a Cleansing stream!

If you're willing to be made clean,
There is a Cleansing stream!

When you've struggled to mend in vain,
There is a Cleansing stream!
Yes, cleanse you from every stain,
There is a Cleansing stream!
Staff Capt. McKernan.